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THE IRRELEVANCE OF DISMANTLING

THE lid is off and the Nazi fumes rise from the German cauldron. Growing confidence among Right-wing groups and parties—which are already strong enough to form a substantial minority at Bonn and probably to command a share in Adenauer's forthcoming coalition—is reflected in many ways. None is more spectacular than the preparations being made by former Nazi publishers to resume business, now that licences are no longer required by newspaper proprietors in the American Zone. Even foreigners, who thought themselves hardened to German unrepentance have been shocked, for instance, by the news that the publisher of Streicher's Jew-baiting sheet, *Der Stuermer*, has announced his intention to resume business.

In the face of these developments, it is futile to call for strong action by the occupying authorities. Such action was possible as late as 1948. But now Military Government is being rapidly dismantled and responsibility handed back to the Germans. Outside the Socialist party, whose hold is limited to active trade unionists, most Germans, apparently, accept the Nazi atmosphere as a "return to normalcy" or are complacent enough to think that "the hot-heads" count for little or nothing. This is what German moderates said about Hitler in 1930. Who, they scoffed, could take seriously an Austrian who could not even write good German? But demagogy proved more powerful than grammar, because it was tacitly connived at by London and Paris. Will history repeat itself? German politicians are being given every excuse, by Mr. Churchill as well as by American representatives, for believing that what the West wants is a reactionary German ally against the Russians. This, it need hardly be said, is the most efficacious recipe for another war.

It is against this background that the use of British troops to protect the German workers engaged on dismantling at Oberhausen must be considered. On every major issue—whether the ownership of heavy industry or the Frankfurt policy of unrestricted *laisser-faire* which has brought unemployment up to 1,300,000—Mr. Bevin has made concessions to the Americans and to the German Nationalists. It seems ludicrous, therefore, that he should dig in his toes when it comes to the question whether or not a score of industrial plants shall be dismantled, which anyway would be soon rebuilt with dollars provided from across the Atlantic. Weakness on big things and obstinacy on small ones has indeed been the hall mark of his policy, as the Germans were quick to discover. The result is that Britain, whose prestige in Germany was unequalled in 1945, is now treated with calculated disdain by every German newspaper and politician except those of the Social Democrats. They regard our toughness at Oberhausen as the dying kick before Labour Britain surrenders entirely.

The effect of this pig-headed weakness on the fortunes of the German Socialists has been disastrous, since they are regarded as the British party, just as the Communists are the Russian party and the C.D.U. belongs to the U.S.A. If Mr. Bevin had not chosen to exacerbate feeling by his speech on dismantling at the height of the election campaign, the Socialists would probably have emerged as the largest single party at Bonn. They are bewildered by this stab in the back.

It is still not too late to repair that damage. What is needed is a British policy in Germany which is as openly political as either the Russian or the American. The German supporters of democracy will never be able to defeat the Nationalists unless they are actively assisted from outside and stiffened with a European backbone. Mr. Bevin should shift his attention from dismantling at Oberhausen to the Ruhr Control Authority at Dusseldorf and the European Assembly at Strasbourg, where the two decisive battles for the future of Germany will be fought. He should make it clear, first, that, along with the French, we are concerned not with pulling down a few plants but with strictly enforcing a genuine disarmament of Germany; and secondly, that we are working for a European Union in which a peaceful Germany can play its full share. He should strenuously and openly support the S.P.D. in its policy of nationalising the heavy and chemical industries and its indictment of the grossly anti-social "recovery" staged by the free enterprisers at Frankfurt. It is too late to de-Nazify Germany by order from on top; and it is far too late to dismantle her plants. What a Socialist Foreign Secretary should seek to do is to ensure that, in a Germany free to manage its own internal affairs, the democratic forces have the support of Britain acting on behalf of the European peoples.

Austria Still Waiting

The Austrian treaty continues to hang fire. The four Powers are now so near to agreement on all outstanding differences that the reason for this delay must be sought elsewhere. There has been more than a suspicion in the past that one or other of the Powers was deliberately holding up agreement for reasons of general policy. With the Yugoslav frontier claims out of the way—renounced by Moscow after much stone-walling—it is quite clear that this is what is now happening. For a long time it looked as if the Soviet Union were postponing an Austrian settlement, perhaps until its position in Eastern Europe was consolidated. The culprits to-day, however, seem not to be the Russians but the Western Powers. They have asked for another adjournment, but without giving any convincing grounds for wanting this. Official spokesmen in London, it is true, have

discovered suddenly that there is a danger that the Russians might not withdraw their lines of communication from Hungary, but keep troops on or near the Austrian frontier. A more likely explanation for Western delaying tactics is to be found in the Yugoslav-Soviet tension. It would be natural for the Americans and British to want to keep troops in Austria so long as they thought it possible that these troops could act in some way or other as a buttress to Marshal Tito. Austrians of all parties, meanwhile, continue to plead for a treaty which could leave them at least independent again. There is no doubt that they have every justification for doing so.

Chinese Communist Advances

The Chinese Communists have won a major victory in the North-West, where Lanchow is now in their control. In Yunnan, the Governor-General Lu Han has announced that his troops have proclaimed their independence of the Nationalist Government. The report that he has gone to see the ex-Generalissimo suggests that his troops had taken charge of the situation, uncertain perhaps that he might still be intriguing for Chiang Kai-shek's support. The local situation is somewhat obscure, but we may assume that the Communists have no longer any serious opposition to overcome in Yunnan—a development which finally smashes the hopes of those in China, as well as those in this country and America, who had argued hopefully that the spirit of provincialism might revive the fallen hopes of Chiang Kai-shek. And in the case of Lanchow, an ancient trading centre and the key to Central Asia, it means that the much-publicised Moslem opposition to the Communists collapsed like every other army. General Lu Han's coup in Kunming means that the large province of Yunnan, which has a common frontier with Burma and Indo-China, will come under Communist control without much fighting. For in spite of the fanciful declaration of the Nationalist Prime Minister that there is no need for pessimism and the acting President's even wilder order for the arrest of Mao Tse-tung and 18 other "Red bandits," Chiang Kai-shek's armies have lost the battle of China. Chiang Kai-shek's one remaining trump card is in Washington, where Dean Acheson and Mr. Bevin are reported to have the discussion of their China policy on the agenda. Both of them have had bitter lessons to learn. We hope that they have a more constructive policy for combating Communism than the atom bomb.

Discipline and Dixiecrats

President Truman undoubtedly gave the word for the expulsion of five Dixiecrats from the Democratic National Committee—a step without precedent in this century. He has also installed his old Missouri friend, William Boyle, as national chairman. Both decisions are designed to strengthen the President's hand in party affairs—does he already hear the voice of duty calling him to run again in 1952?—and to serve notice that recalcitrant Dixiecrats must come to terms with the Fair Deal or run the risk of exclusion from the benefits membership of the Democratic Party confers. In Mississippi and South Carolina, for instance, the pro-Truman Democrats are already reorganising the party to break the grip of the Dixiecrats who cost the President these States last November, and the diehards are also on the run in Alabama. These developments are healthy in the South, ridden by single-party rule for too long, but it is too soon to speculate whether the Fair Dealers can drive the Dixiecrats where they really belong—in the Republican ranks or in a reactionary White-supremacy party of their own. In the long run this must happen, but such realignments take time. For the moment, the Democratic leadership is offering the Dixiecrats another chance to be reasonable, and the expulsions are intended to underline the penalties which await those who hold out to the bitter end. But it is a change to have a President who sticks to his guns against the blackmail of the South, most of whose Senators have done as much as any Republicans to obstruct Fair Deal legislation.

Left Wing Rout at Bridlington

The General Council of the T.U.C. has secured overwhelming endorsement of its actions both in warning affiliated Unions against Communist manœuvres and in breaking with the Communist-led World Federation of Trade Unions. Even though the N.U.R. voted with the minority who disapproved of the decision to leave the W.F.T.U. and to form a new international of "free" Trade Unionists, the General Council had a majority of six to one in favour of its international policy, and a still larger majority supported its anti-Communist policy at home. Indeed, apart from some criticism by relatively insignificant delegates on "the floor," the General Council's attitude can scarcely be said to have come under Left-wing fire; and the voting is a clear indication that organised labour in Britain is as antagonistic as ever to the political strategy of Communism. It would, however, be a mistake to assume that the Congress has thereby given the General Council an unqualified mandate to acquiesce in measures designed to solve the economic crisis at the expense of the workers' standard of living. British Trade Unionists are clearly in no mood to swallow the conception of revolution motived by increasing misery; but this does not mean that large sections would not make common cause with the "militants" in resisting any proposals to lower British export prices through reductions in real wages or to economise in imports at the cost of slashing social services or house-building. The discussions at Bridlington have had a certain air of unreality, in that none of the delegates were aware what decisions will be taken at Washington.

The B.B.C., the Banks, and the Trade Unions

The B.B.C and the joint stock banks were the first to receive barbed arrows at this week's T.U.C. debates, both for the same sin—refusal of proper recognition to the Trade Unions. In both instances, the offence lies in the persistence in maintaining and negotiating with internal staff associations, as against the Trade Unions recognised by the T.U.C. Beyond this, the cases differ. The banks, including the Bank of England, have not a leg to stand on in their obstinate resistance to the National Union of Bank Employees, which is a well conducted and firmly established Union fully capable of negotiating on behalf of the general body of bank clerks and other salaried employees. The B.B.C., on the other hand, has a case for opposing any proposal that would involve it in endless separate negotiations with the hosts of Unions claiming to represent the very wide diversity of persons whom it either employs or makes contracts with for particular pieces of work. The answer, however, to the B.B.C.'s difficulties is not to confine negotiations, except with non-employed contracting performers, to a necessarily weak and pliable Staff Association, but to work out a reasonable plan under which the Trade Unions representing full-time employees, especially on the large engineering side, can negotiate collectively through some sort of joint committee, on which the Staff Association could also be represented. This would not settle the problem of dealings with non-full-time broadcasters and their associations; but it would cover a good deal of the ground, and would greatly facilitate the making of better arrangements for covering the rest. Incidentally, it would help to make the less reasonable of the B.B.C.'s critics, who are to be found mainly among the artistic professions, more amenable to pressure from the T.U.C. to bear in mind that they have no right to claim exemption from the general Trade Union policy of restraint in pressing claims during the present emergency.

A Defeatist Among the Bankers

Sir Hubert Henderson's address at Oxford to the Bankers' International Summer School must have been received with mixed feelings by his audience. On the one hand he strongly defended the necessity of continual controls and of bilateral trading agreements, while on the other he demanded drastic retrenchments in public expenditure at the expense of the social services. Inflation, he declared, was still continuing in the sterling area, but nowhere else; and in order to end it he proposed cutting capital investment as well as current consumption. This seems a curious way of dealing with a situation which can be put right fundamentally by improved industrial efficiency, and in no other way. Nor does it appear how cuts in the social services would help towards improving the balances of payments unless Professor Henderson really intends them to be only part of a general attack on working-class standards of living—which, we suspect, is precisely what he does mean. Of course, no one can deny his statement that it is absurd to look to the Americans for indefinitely prolonged subsidies to the British, or to any other foreign, economy; and it follows from this that standards must come down unless we can improve our productivity and our ability to find markets enough to enable us to stand on our own feet. Failure to achieve this must mean a lower standard of living all round; but it is a long way from agreeing to this to accepting the thesis that failure is inevitable, or that cuts in the social services would help to avert a general decline.

British Transport's Accounts

The least encouraging feature in the report for 1948 of the British Transport Commission is the warning that next year "a further marked deterioration of the working results is inevitable" as a result of rising costs and falling traffic receipts. It was not to be expected that, in the initial phase of reorganisation, the financial outcome would be wholly satisfactory, and the 1948 accounts are, in fact, not so bad as had been feared. Including miscellaneous revenue, net operational receipts were just over £45 millions. Charges for central administration and interest on the £1,250 millions of Transport Stock amounted to nearly £47 millions; and, after allowing £3 millions for capital redemption, the total deficit works out at £4,470,000. This is not a serious loss; but the Commission's warning that the position is growing worse, coupled with the fact that there is a possibility of a further considerable increase in the wages bill, makes it clear that careful consideration will have to be given to the question whether the Transport Commission should be required to pay its way until a sufficient period has elapsed to enable the full economies resulting from a properly integrated system of inland transport to be realised.

THE TASK OF THE TRADE UNIONS

SIR William Lawther devoted a considerable section of his presidential address at Bridlington to an attack on Trade Union indiscipline; but it did not occur to him to ask whether the fault may not lie in part in the extreme rigidity of the Trade Union structure. That there are Communist mischief-makers at work in the Trade Unions is obvious enough, but is the only possible riposte an ever-increasing centralisation? It may be conceded that, as long as it remains necessary to keep demands for higher wages and improved conditions firmly in check, centralisation is unavoidable; but the effects are two-fold. In following out the policy of restraint, the Trade Union executives are all too apt to relapse into an attempt to stabilise things as they are, and to regard with suspicion any new proposal that would alter either the wage-structure or the traditional set-up of industrial relations.

The General Council's report on the economic situation does indeed recognise the need for higher productivity if the existing standards of life of British workers are to be even maintained—much more, if they are to be bettered; but the report has little enough to say about how this is to be done. What the report fails to face is the hard conclusion that British recovery, remarkable as it has been in comparison with that of other war-devastated countries, is not advancing nearly fast enough to enable the economy to hold its own in a seller's market, even with such American aid as a more and more reluctant Congress can, at best, be induced to provide for a year or two to come.

What is wrong with the British economy is not that it has gone too far or too fast in the development of the social services, but that it has gone much too slowly in adapting itself to modern techniques and attitudes to production. Judged by any purely internal standard, we have done remarkably well in extracting the output we have managed to extract from a largely worn-out equipment and a pretty tired people. Our misfortune is that the standard we are required to attain is set for us, not by what is reasonable in itself, but by what other countries demand of us, and especially by the level of costs in the United States, where the war, far from running down equipment or exhausting the people, afforded an unexampled opportunity for developing new techniques and methods of management. Soon, over and above all this, we shall be called on to face the low-cost competition, based on sharply reduced standards of living and on American subsidies, of both Germany and Japan. In these circumstances, it is of no use to argue that we are doing all that can fairly be expected of us. The plain fact is that we shall have to do much more than this, or else accept a much lower standard of living because of our sheer inability to pay for the foodstuffs and materials that we must import in order to maintain either full employment or real wages.

This is a matter, not of choice, but of hard necessity. It involves three things, none of which we have got far with—extensive industrial re-equipment, especially in the branches of production that were allowed to fall behind during the war, better management, salesmanship, and policy-direction in industry, and a new attitude on the part of the workers, and above all of the ten per cent or so among them who in practice set the tone. The first of these involves more austerity; for it means diverting more of our limited resources to capital construction at home, and less to consumption. The second is appallingly difficult in the short run, both because it runs up against the traditional restrictions of trade associations and of many individual employers, and because the replacement of less by more efficient managers is bound to be a slow job and requires provision for training which we are a long way short of as yet. The third, which is most of all the peculiar affair of the Trade Unions, is hardly less difficult, but could yield swifter results if the Trade Unions were better and more imaginatively led and more prepared to take risks than they have shown themselves so far to be.

In the past, the Trade Unions have developed as pressure groups standing right outside the productive structure and simply trying to get all they could out of it, on the assumption that it was the employers' affair to settle the levels of productivity and to offer such individual inducements to output as were needed for this purpose. To-day such an attitude is wholly untenable. Capitalism or no capitalism, socialisation or no socialisation, the workers' standards of life depend on their making a real and continuous effort to raise production and to reduce its cost without wage-cutting. No doubt, many Communists may kid themselves that in reducing British capitalism to chaos they will be preparing the way for a new Britain in which, in the terms of the C.P.G.B's new programme, they can still have the cake they have eaten—and a bigger cake to boot. Doubtless many anti-Socialists believe that, when the workers have been put back where they belong, the old capitalist prosperity of the years before 1914 will somehow be mysteriously regained—at all events for the "better" classes. Such illusions are all too easily entertained and cherished; but they are stark nonsense none the less. Hardly less nonsensical, however, is the notion that we can stabilise things as they are, and by continuing on our present course emerge before long into a world that will be so accommodating as to take us at our own valuation.

Much higher productivity, and a widely different will to take all the steps that are needed for getting it—these are the sole conditions on which the British people can hold its own. Of the three things this need involves we are here dealing with one only—the one which is most directly relevant to this week's Trade Union Congress debates. The new attitude that is required of the workers can be created only by full and frank acceptance of every individual worker as a responsible partner in the industry in which he is engaged and by the acceptance of this responsible partnership by a sufficient proportion of the leaders of working-class opinion at every level to make it go with a bang.

Of course the Trade Unions already stand for the development of joint consultation. There is much about it in the General Council's report. But there is also ample evidence, in the recorded replies of the Unions to questions addressed to them on the matter, of an exceedingly hesitant attitude towards anything that threatens to alter the traditional structure of collective bargaining, which rests largely on centralised agreements taking no account of circumstances in any particular establishment. Many of the Trade Union leaders are clearly afraid that even a small step towards decentralisation might play into Communist hands by weakening Trade Union discipline; while others feel that the growth of works influence would weaken loyalty to Trade Unionism and thus undermine the power of the working-class as a whole.

Such fears are easily understood; for the Trade Unions can by no means afford to give up their position as a pressure group and a defendant of working-class claims. No more, however, can they afford to stand in the way of a partnership in productive effort, the lack of which will make their pressure vain and destroy their ability to defend the standards they have won. The Trade Unions must continue to be independent bodies outside the productive structure; but they must also help in building up a new parallel working-class organisation inside that structure, to take on responsibilities which they cannot themselves assume. The General Council may say that it has no mandate to deal with such questions, which fall within the province of the individual Unions; but someone must deal with them, and it is not so long since the General Council was saying just the same thing about wage policy, in which circumstances have now forced it to take up an unequivocal line of its own.

We could wish that this week at Bridlington there were more signs than there seem to be of these issues being squarely confronted. That, perhaps, was too much to expect; but the Trades Union Congress has moved a long way in recent years, and will have before long, in facing hard realities, to move a long way further. The plain truth is that the dollar gap *has* to be closed, cannot be closed along present lines of policy without a sharp fall in living standards, and can be closed without such a fall only by an intensive material effort in which the workers alone can play the principal part.

WESTERN POWERS IN THE FAR EAST

THE fanfares of publicity in Washington have not been turned on to celebrate the proposed talks on the Far East between Mr. Bevin and Secretary Acheson. Yet they are no less pressing and no less urgent than those concerning the dollar. America is now very conscious of having played a losing game in China, and it is much easier for her to declare that she will not throw good money after bad in China than for Britain to write off as a bad debt her vast properties on the Yangtse. In Asia United States policy is, for the moment, concerned with strategy rather than with dollars. The three new allies who take the place of the great Chinese Empire, which is now lost to the United States, are Quirino, Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek. They are all men of straw. It is not difficult to see why General MacArthur should believe that Japan, industrious, obedient and capitalist, is now well on the road to democracy, and is a fit ally for free-enterprise America.

It soon became clear after the end of the war that American policy aimed at making a Dollar Empire of the Pacific. The Pentagon in Washington was soon at work on a strategic pentagon in the Pacific, its bases centred on Japan, on South Korea, on the Philippines, the South Pacific Islands and Guam. Within a few months of the end of the war to defeat Japanese Fascism, General MacArthur imported thousands of his countrymen to teach the Japanese the American way of life, and, little by little, ex-Zaibatsu leaders crept back into key positions. The wheel has now turned full circle—as it has done in Germany—and according to *The Times* Tokyo correspondent "reactionary elements see in the present discussions (of a Pacific Pact) an excellent opportunity for restoring Japan to her pre-war status." If the Pact were

military, "they would insist that they could not play their proper part unless Japan was permitted to rebuild her army and navy." If it is economic, "they would look forward to obtaining once again the lion's share of the trade of south-east Asia."

American policy in Japan is well known; so is the fact that she kept her pledge to give independence to the Philippines. What is less known is that these valuable and strategic islands are now even more completely tied to the United States than before. The case of America's South Pacific Dependencies is rarely mentioned. These islands—the Marshalls, the Carolines and the Marianas, transferred from Germany to a Japanese Mandate at the end of the first World War—are now under the strategic trusteeship of the United States which—to quote the New York *Herald Tribune*—"is now explicitly authorised to do everything in the islands which the Japanese did and without having to adopt the subterfuge which they employed." In fact, the American Naval Administration has an absolute authority which the Soviet Union might well envy in her satellites. As for South Korea, though American troops left the country last June, there is no pretence that American policy is not designed to support the reactionary landlords or that President Syngman Rhee doubts President Truman's right to call the tune. Only in China have the revolutionary forces won. But advocates of the Pacific Pact to-day believe that American fear of Communism is so great that they can save their own skins, trade aircraft bases for dollars and the doubtful glory of becoming America's Pacific Quislings.

This is where America's Pacific policy has led in the post-war period. The drift away from functional international organisations, such as Unrra, the support of counter-revolutionary forces and the concentration on atom bomb bases has lost to America the democratic leadership she might have won in Asia. America's record in China, for instance, was good; an America that understood the cause of freedom and nationalism in Asia could have been popular. But by putting strategy in a war against the Soviet Union at the top of her list of priorities she has helped to create conditions in which there is no stability, in which she cannot hope to have the confidence of the people. By building atom bombs, she stimulates sabotage.

America has lost the first round in the cold war in Asia. This half of the world's people, awakened to their independence, are not likely to be enthusiastic about another war—in the name of anti-Communism, under the banner of a great Power, now identified with imperialism, however modified that imperialism might be in practice. No high-powered propaganda can undo the results of American intervention on the side of reaction in China. Propaganda, to be successful, must strike a chord of welcome, not of suspicion in the minds of the listeners. The Soviet Union has no heritage of imperialism to live down. On the contrary, however masterly or naive its distortions, it is identified with the common man, with the victory over imperialism, with achievements in industrialisation in conditions similar to those in Asia, and with the encouragement of national cultures in its Central Asian Republics. Further, the Communists, however brutal their methods and false their propaganda may seem to the Western world, are usually identified in Asia with a policy of rice and land for the people.

The American use of Communism as the bogey will not evoke the response in Asia which it can succeed in achieving in the West, where slogans of political liberty and individual freedom have real significance. Neither can all the dollars of Wall Street put back the clock in Asia to the days before Pearl Harbour. And as surely as the forty million pounds squandered by Mr. Churchill in his effort to defeat the Russian Revolution at the end of the first world war failed, so President Truman will waste billions of dollars trying to defeat the social revolution in Asia. There, half the world's people live, not concerned as to whether their car is last year's or this year's model, but whether they can afford an extra buffalo—or find food for the buffalo they have—so that they may irrigate their land as it was irrigated in the days of Confucius and Buddha. The challenge of Asia, to President Truman, and to Mr. Bevin, is the challenge of poverty. And there is enough money in the world to meet it, technicians to train the unmechanised people of Asia, raw materials to build the machinery necessary to enable them to live above starvation level. The price that they ask is the acceptance by the Western Powers of equality of co-operation, recognition of their human dignity and their different cultures. As many of them see it at the moment, the alternative is subservience to the dollar, with a betrayal of their own social and national consciousness, and ultimately the use of their harbours for atom bomb carriers to start on their journey to Hiroshimatise their fellow Asians.

The real problem facing Mr. Bevin and Mr. Truman and Dean Acheson when they discuss their Asian policy is how to meet the challenge of Asia on a constructive basis without contributing to a hostile form of Communism and to the deepening struggle between the two giants, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. The problem is further complicated by the disproportionate wealth of the United States. This means in effect that Asia's challenge is a challenge to the people of America to accept restrictions on their financial sovereignty in the interests of half the world's peoples, and ultimately in their own interests since a third world war which becomes more and more clearly the alternative would lead to world chaos.

The machinery to achieve the development of Asia along lines which the people themselves must choose, exists already in the United Nations. All the data needed exists in the many documents already presented to E.C.A.F.E. (Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East). A proposal along the lines which we believe to be the right one was presented last March by Dr. V. K. R. Rao, Chairman of the Sub-Commission for Economic Development of the United Nations. He suggested a new agency, the United Nations Economic Development Administration which would make technical assistance available to under-developed countries; co-ordinate technical assistance already available within the United Nations; assist under-developed countries in obtaining materials, equipment, personnel, etc., required to execute their economic development; finance or help finance such schemes which a country's own resources cannot finance, and promote or undertake the direction and financing of regional schemes. Finances, Dr. Rao suggested, would be obtained from contributions by Member governments to be made in their own currencies.

From any realistic point of view—and this was admitted by Dr. Rao—the bulk of the finances required would have to come from the United States, but, he contended, the amount involved would be much less than that now spent by the United States on the European Recovery Plan. Further, it would have the advantage of being global in character, of fulfilling President Truman's fourth point and of functioning within the framework of the United Nations. If the argument be used that the Soviet veto would make such developments impracticable, then it should be understood that failure would be at her doorstep, a risk which she with her own devastated areas and deep-seated suspicions could not afford. And from the point of the peoples of Asia, such a scheme would avoid the political implications and the unpopularity of American aid as such.

This is the kind of policy which we hope Mr. Bevin will put forward in his forthcoming talks with the American Government. The recovery and stability of Europe is linked with that of Asia. Dollars can help to establish prosperity only if they are used in the name of world progress, not a negative anti-Communist campaign.

PAS EN ANGLETERRE

Two cracks—both of course by Frenchmen—sum up the attitude of the other members of the European Assembly towards their British colleagues. The first is the remark that the General Election is being won on the playing fields of Strasbourg; the other is the wholly mythical story that a certain very distinguished British expert, attached to the Assembly staff, has only one sentence of French: "Pas en Angleterre."

Certainly the French delegates of all parties have been rather baffled by what the more tolerant dismiss as British idiosyncracies. That Mr. Churchill and Mr. Morrison, immediately on arrival, should each assume that he is by right the "Leader of the House" and quarrel pettily and publicly, was perhaps expected. But when both of them, directly the Assembly got down to serious business, disappeared on vacation, not even bothering to return for the final plenary sessions, surprise turned to suspicion; and Mr. Morrison's remark at his final Press Conference that it was "his public duty to take a holiday" was not greeted with the laughter he intended. The margin between insularity and provincialism is sometimes dangerously small.

It is only fair to observe that the Assembly could not have been timed more embarrassingly for the Labour delegates or more happily for the Conservatives. In Opposition, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Macmillan can play the role of "good Europeans" with the certainty that Mr. Bevin will maintain our special position vis-a-vis America, whatever speeches they make. Moreover, at Strasbourg the Conservatives had the extremely efficient machine of the European Movement working for them, and quite deliberately drove the unfortunate Labour Members into an isolationism which came rather too naturally to some of them. Over two-thirds of the delegates in the Assembly, including many Socialists, are members of the European Movement and were, therefore, personally pledged to support the stream of resolutions which Mr. Duncan Sandys assiduously pushed on to the Agenda. By continuing the vendetta against the European Movement on the floor of the Assembly Mr. Morrison, and later Dr. Dalton, seemed to be attacking the idea of European Union itself and to be assuming the insular Socialist role which has for so long been imputed to British Labour. It is clear enough now that Mr. Attlee's instinct was right two years ago when he wrote to certain Labour Members advising them to accept important positions in the European

Movement; and that Mr. Morrison was wrong to over-ride the permission which the Prime Minister had given. Granted the decision to boycott the Movement and the fact that the Assembly's deliberations immediately preceded the Washington talks, it was almost inevitable that the Labour Members, with the notable exception of Mr. MacKay, should close their ranks, fight the next election against all comers and make it crystal clear that if Britain has not yet decided between English-speaking and European union, her natural bias is in favour of those, to quote Miss Mitford, "who do not speak those affected foreign languages."

There had been some talk before Strasbourg of a common Socialist front. But this was ruled out by the efficient staff work of the European Movement to which M. Spaak, M. Philip and other distinguished Socialists belong. Continental Socialists can not easily accept a British attitude which assumes that international solidarity demands opposition to anything Mr. Churchill says or the European Movement proposes. It is not because they are Socialists but because their national interests are strongly isolationist that the Scandinavians by and large go along with the British. Dr. Dalton's only other really monolithic Allies at Strasbourg are the Greeks and the Turks (who have even less interest in Socialism than in democracy) and, rather surprisingly, the French M.R.P. M. Bidault and M. Maurice Schumann are more intransigently anti-German—and therefore anti-Churchill—than the French Socialists. For this reason, they naturally move towards Dr. Dalton. As one American observer remarked to me: "What a difference personalities make! By any calculation, British Conservatives should be pro-American, pro-Commonwealth and therefore anti-European Union; as well as pro-French and anti-German. By Socialist tradition British Labour should be anti-Imperialist and pro-European; anti-French and pro-German. But here in Strasbourg, Churchill and Bevin are forcing their followers into speeches and attitudes which ring curiously false. It is Palestine all over again."

Of course this is an over-simplification. The British Conservatives, who knew the diplomatic values of food and wine, and profited from the Labour Party's mistake in cold-shouldering the European Movement, made a terrific first impression as "good Europeans." But this asset wasted as the days went by. First Mr. Churchill dissipated the grateful admiration felt for him, less by his appeal for the admission of Germany than by conduct well known in the House of Commons, but surprising to those who had worshipped from afar. Then Mr. Eccles, boon companion of M. Reynaud, discovered that not all anti-Socialists in Europe swallow the *Economist* views on unemployment or are prepared to pass resolutions on devaluation simply in order to wreck the Labour Government. Lastly the Assembly, as it acquired a *volonté générale*, increasingly resented the European Movement's strident claims that it was running the show and began to feel a certain sympathy with Dr. Dalton's dislike of Mr. Duncan Sandys.

By last week, indeed, it was clear that the obstacle to European Union is not British Socialism but Britain. Part of Europe and yet not part of Europe, insular and yet Continental, Albion remains "perfidious" even in the atomic age; and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Morrison are merely two personifications of Britain's age-old determination to keep a foot in every camp. Whatever Government we have, we shall seek to avoid a decision between English-speaking and European Union, and accept one or the other, if we ever have to, not because of personalities or parties, but because there is no other possibility of survival.

What Strasbourg has demonstrated is that in 1949 European Union is a practical possibility and not what it was in the time of Briand, a piece of rhetoric. Within three weeks, the Assembly has become a real Assembly, not another version of the inter-Parliamentary Union or the United Nations. Its Committees have been working really hard and it has debated their reports and dealt with scores of amendments with an efficiency due not only to the astonishing chairmanship of M. Spaak. Here is a European embryo. It can only be borne alive with Britain's consent and through the inclusion of Germany. But what we now know is that these are the *only* limiting factors. Through two World Wars and the pressure of two non-European Powers, national sovereignty has become so fictitious that political union is now feasible, and the Assembly will move towards it as fast as British insularity and German *Machtpolitik* permit.

The second important discovery is that European Union, if it comes, will be genuinely European and not British-dominated. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Whitely arrived at Strasbourg—along with Sir Gilbert Campion, the venerable editor of Erskine May—ready and eager to teach the Continentals how to suck Westminster eggs. But the French view, because it is the European view, has prevailed; and British Members of Parliament, some of them at some strain to their Puritan consciences, are trying to learn the arts of combination, log-rolling and group intrigue of which European politics consists.

In so doing they are beginning to realise the extent to which, at Westminster, the individual Member has lost his rights and liberties to the Party machine, just as Parliament has surrendered to the Cabinet. The British delegate, accustomed to leave every decision to the Cabinet and to vote just as the Whips direct, finds that he actually has to take decisions on his own; and the alphabetical arrangement of delegates makes close Party discipline almost impossible. Trained as lobby-fodder, he finds it difficult to get used to the idea that discussions can really influence voting inside the Chamber. This no doubt explains what Frenchmen have called the "brutality" of many British speeches: they were made not to secure a combination on a particular issue but as part of the routine of two-Party political warfare. As Sir Gilbert Campion put it to me one evening: "Our modern Parliamentary procedure has no relevance here. This Assembly conducts itself like a British Parliament between the two Reform Bills when Party machines did not exist, groups were shifting entities and Cabinets did not enjoy cast-iron majorities."

When the Assembly ends its work this week, it will have achieved one thing at least. It will have perpetuated itself—with its Executive of twenty-eight members, working between sessions, and the promise of a Spring meeting at which Germany's admission will almost certainly be considered along with that of Austria and the Saar. Now, no one can hope to destroy it or to curb its demands for effective power. But once Germany is a member, the real test will come. For although without Germany there can be no advance whatsoever towards serious economic co-operation or political union, yet with Germany (as well as Britain) both inside and out, its *volonté générale* will be strained to breaking point.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Strasbourg.

A LONDON DIARY

Most of us suffer from a variety of emotions when we are told, to the accompaniment of the vile noise of bomber aircraft overhead, that we are celebrating the tenth anniversary of the outbreak of war or the ninth anniversary of the Battle of Britain. A certain pride in the unity and stubbornness in 1940 rises in all of us; if the Russians wanted friends in this country (including many who think themselves Communists) they would not deny on the Moscow radio that the Battle of Britain ever had any real existence. True, in terms of lives lost, it was a smaller affair than Stalingrad, but it was just as much a matter of life and death for the nation. The feeling aroused by the tenth anniversary of 1939, on the other hand, is a realisation of the appalling inefficiency of war to achieve any given object. All we can say for the war is that had it not been fought, Europe, including Britain, would have been run by the Nazis during these last years; but, as we read of the re-creation of the Ruhr and the great independent German trusts (created by the Americans in the name of free enterprise), and take note of the results of the recent German elections, we see that we are taking part in a ghastly repetition of 1919; the German revolution has again been aborted and totalitarianism not democracy, is again the victor. War hastens, it does not divert, the main trends of Social change. Those who prophesied that war would mean the end of civilisation through bombing and demoralisation were thought, once war started, to have been wrong. When people fight they must assume that some object apart from mere self-preservation is being achieved. In this case, the pessimists were considered to have been wrong because we were ourselves not bombed so soon or so much as we expected. But they were not wrong. Bombing in Germany did all that the most alarmist voices feared, and war in countries which were actually ravaged by armies with modern weapons ended in civil war and revolution. It is a strange thing, with this story in mind, to hear people begin again to talk as if Communism could in some inexplicable way be stopped by war. Molotov knew better when he remarked that nowadays "all roads led to Communism." All I can say is that if that is true, I wish the Russians would not choose the hard way.

* * *

Unfortunately, the Communist habit of calling everyone non-Communist a Fascist, has turned the word into mere vulgar abuse. It is a nuisance that we now have no word to differentiate between "reaction" and "Fascism," which may be defined as the use of para-military and, at first unofficial, thugs to destroy liberty and, above all, working-class organisations in the interests of big business. One of its signs is a rabble-rousing use of racialism. Using the word in this strict sense, we see that the reaction in the United States has, for the first time since 1920, shown signs of turning Fascist. Its instrument is the American Veterans. The attacks on Paul Robeson's meetings may, for this reason, be historically important. Paul Robeson is one of the finest of human beings. He is idealistic, brave and Communist because in Soviet Russia alone Negroes are treated as equals. His great prestige as an artist makes him an excellent "front man" for the Communists. To attack his meetings is to mobilise the maximum force against Communists and "Negro agitators"; if the recession grows deeper and the Radical leaders spring up to lead the unemployed, then, with the support of the Catholic Church and big business, the Legion may be turned against the Labour Unions. In the meantime may we hope

for some effective resistance from the innocent, and traditionally freedom-loving American public which cannot help being alarmed when mob violence, in spite of the presence of a thousand police, ranges over ten square miles? Among the 138 people injured were members of a party returning from a respectful pilgrimage to Mr. Roosevelt's home.

* * *

Pandit Nehru is too big a man to take offence when those who have been steady friends of India unite in telling him that his latest pronouncement about Kashmir cannot be defended. It goes back to India's original position at Lake Success—namely that Kashmir had legally acceded to India and that Pakistan was, therefore, an aggressor. This legalistic argument, which merely opens the way for an interminable and futile controversy, obviously had to be abandoned when India wisely accepted solution by plebiscite. There would be no sense in the United Nations trying to arrange a plebiscite to decide something that was already legally settled. In the conduct of the dispute India has, until now, the better record. The cease-fire, which was the first of the three stages towards a settlement recommended by the United Nations, was successfully managed, but the conditions for the second stage—the truce—have never been achieved. No agreement has been possible about the technical problems of what troops should be disbanded and how far they should be withdrawn and so on. All this while Admiral Nimitz, the Uno arbitrator who was to take over the charge of the arrangements for the plebiscite, has been waiting in the United States. To break the deadlock Mr. Truman and Mr. Attlee have asked both India and Pakistan to move direct to the third stage and allow Admiral Nimitz to go to Kashmir with wide powers of arbitration. Pakistan has accepted. It would be good to hear that India was also doing so. The real problem, of course, is for either side to admit what each knows in its heart—that the alternative to more or less continuous war is the acceptance of some form of partition. Poonch, Gilgit and the mountain areas of the North are now effectively part of Pakistan just as Jammu is part of India. All pronouncements and manoeuvres turn on the future of the Vale of Kashmir and the control of the waters of the rivers that flow into Pakistan—a matter on which Pakistan is appealing to the Hague Court. In accepting Admiral Nimitz, Pakistan may believe that he will come down on their side or again they may simply be accepting in the belief that India will refuse. That would be the old Jinnah tactics. In those days Congress usually obliged by putting itself in the wrong. If India is wise she will rely on the strength of her case and welcome Admiral Nimitz.

* * *

One result of the Kashmir dispute is that both countries waste time, energy and money, which should be devoted in fulfilling their promises of social change. The result of their failure to do so is written large for all to see. In India, I am told on excellent authority, there are at least 100,000, and perhaps as many as 200,000, Communists and others "detained"; even if the lower figure is the correct one it means that the National Government of India has more people detained without trial than the British ever had at a single time. This must be gall and wormwood to Pandit Nehru, who stands in the public mind, above all, as a champion of civil liberties and who was himself some 15 years a British prisoner. He has now sorrowfully referred to the need for the prolonged detention of Indian suspects.

The London bobby, I gather, was himself responsible for going into collar-and-tie order. Given the choice between that and the retention of the close-up uniform neck-band, he voted for collars and ties—by a small majority. Londoners were at first shocked at his appearance: they felt that the custodianship of law and order had been handed over to a *posse* of Mr. Cochran's Young Gentlemen, and they listened uneasily for any indication that the crisp formulae in which the police advise on road traffic matters had been set to music by Mr. Noel Coward. The trouble was the *mésalliance* between the new neckwear and the old, familiar helmet; collars and ties would have been all right with a peaked cap. But the amazing truth is that the bobbies, again by a small majority, decided to keep their helmets. It's possible that most of the men who wanted collars and ties are also those who wanted peaked caps to go with them, but the *vox populi* method has given them the worst of both worlds. Well, I suppose we shall get used to it. The bobbies must make their own peace with their wives, each of whom now has four large shirts and a dozen collars to amalgamate into the laundry parcel. I saw one constable last week, wearing one of the new white overalls for heat-wave duty, who had found his own solution. As he stooped to fasten his boot-lace I saw that, beneath his immaculate nightshirt, he was naked to the waist.

* * *

I once before referred in this Diary to the almost incredible meanness and discourtesy of the Egyptian customs officials. So unpopular are they that the Egyptian Government has recently found that travellers are taking much trouble to avoid going through Egypt. I now hear that, afraid of losing this important source of revenue and apparently unable to do anything about the manners of its regular officials, the Egyptian Government has appointed special "courtesy police" to help foreign visitors to survive its own inquisition.

CRITIC

QUICK FREEZE

Britain now enjoys
  Freedom from inflation;
Industry employs
  Mass refrigeration.
Clear, if chill, the course,
  Freely it is chosen—
Quick freeze is in force,
  Everyone is frozen.

If the air is bleak
  For higher income-brackets,
Labour must not seek
  Increase in pay-packets.
Though as in the past,
  Frozen assets differ,
All are frozen fast,
  None is frozen stiffer.

Universal frost,
  Equal sacrifices!
Freeze production cost,
  Dividends and prices!
Freeze with employees,
  Managers and bosses,
See the profits freeze'
  Nothing freezes losses.

Raises are denied
  By the wage tribunal;
Frost is nation-wide,
  Freezing is communal.
Britain as she wheezes,
  Frozen stiff by law,
Asks "If summer freezes,
  May winter bring a thaw?"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Council, with a view to extending the benefits of the baths, earnestly request you to recommend your Friends and Neighbours to use them. A bath once or twice a week promotes health, and contributes greatly to the well-being of the industrial classes.—*From a notice in Ratcliffe Public Baths, Stepney* (R. A. Forder).

To help people cope with modern civilisation, the manufacture of aspirins on a large scale was demonstrated by Boots (Chemists).—*The Mansfield Reporter* (E. Wilmut).

Though 200 members of the Church of England Vergers' Guild (Northern Area) complained at their York conference yesterday of dwindling earnings, there was no suggestion of strike action. "It would be beneath the dignity of our calling to do anything so vulgar," said officials.—*Lancashire Evening Post* (J. M. Pearson).

Were nudes included in the architect's original plans for the new Colonial Office to be built on a site opposite Westminster Abbey? Mr. D. R. Rees-Williams, Parliamentary Under Secretary for the Colonies, told the cocoa conference in London yesterday:

We saw the drawings the other day. Over the door the architect had drawn two large nude male recumbent figures. The Secretary of State and I looked at the figures closely and we looked at each other closely. Then we gave the order either for the figures to be put into alert postures or removed. They have been removed.—*Manchester Guardian* (Bernice Goldberg).

EUROPE MOVES RIGHT

Is there a United Western Europe? Everybody agrees that there is no such thing, and that the only things that so far "unify" Europe are the Atlantic Pact and anti-Communism. "Ideologically," M. Servan Schreiber—a good type of French Liberal intellectual—recently wrote in *Le Monde*, "we have nothing to oppose to Stalin's Communism. The Russians have a sense of purpose; we have none." M. Schreiber then went on to say that if there was no United Western Europe, it was really the fault of the Labour Party; they were the most powerful "Third Force" party in Europe; they could have taken the lead; they did nothing about Europe, and were concerned about two things only—the success of their economic experiment inside Britain, and their relations with the United States. Was there not here a fatal miscalculation? Labour had been hoping that America would, in her own way, go "Labour." But everything in Europe now suggests that, far from supporting the Third Force, America—as represented by men like Mr. Snyder—is supporting capitalism, "free enterprise" and the Right.

"A Labourite Britain is becoming an anomaly and an anachronism in Europe," *Combat* bitterly remarked after the German election, while the conservative M. Raymond Aron in the *Figaro* noted with satisfaction that Western Germany had "aligned herself with the present Right-Centre tendency throughout Western Europe." Which also meant that it was high time for the Labour Government to pack up. Other Frenchmen of the same persuasion have been confidently predicting that Cripps, at any rate, would soon be pushed out by Washington, and that Britain would have to abandon Socialism (such as it was) and align herself with the "free enterprise" of the new Europe. It is not only a matter of the economic *gleichschaltung* of Western Europe; what

apparently is also aimed at is a political *gleichschaltung*—along "Right-Centre" lines, as M. Aron euphemistically calls it.

All these "Right-Centre" people have frightfully respectable labels; they call themselves usually Christian Democrats, or Liberals, and sometimes even, as in France, Radicals and even Radical-Socialists. But in all these combinations the Catholic element is usually very strong—with the reservation, in the case of France, that many of the French Catholics of the M.R.P. have a sound Gallican tradition, and their official organ, *L'Aube*, is distinctly Third Force and pro-Socialist. Typical of the widespread French distrust of the Vatican as a powerful reactionary force in Europe is M. Schreiber's recent article in *Le Monde* from Rome:

> Not for many, many years has the Vatican been as active as now. Never has the Pope, in recent times, had so much influence in Italy as to-day. The collapse of German hegemony in Europe, the widespread bewilderment over Communism, the fall of the Italian monarchy—all these have helped the Pope. With 35 ambassadors around him, the Pope enjoys to-day the prestige of the great Papal epochs of the distant past.
>
> All the feverish activity going on round the Pope is even more mysterious than the activity of the Cominform. Strong threads lead from the Vatican to Spain, to South America, to the United States, while the Italian Government (acting largely on behalf of the Vatican) has close bonds with all the "Christian" Parties of Europe.

All who were in Germany during the election agree that the Church played an extremely important part in securing the victory of Adenauer's party; it did the same in Belgium in favour of Van Zeeland's "Social Christians," and is far from having given up hope of restoring Leopold to his Throne.

In the opinion of French observers this Vatican campaign is directed not merely against the Communists, but against the Socialists as well. And what about Britain? Servan Schreiber suggests that what the Vatican aims at, above all, is a sort of Latin Bloc, augmented by Austria and Western Germany, *but not England*. The Vatican conception of a "Europe without England" has a familiar ring. Before the war it was an idea cherished by various brands of Fascists, pro-Nazis and other reactionaries like M. Henri Béraud (now safely in prison), who wrote in *Gringoire* in 1935 his famous article: "Reduce England to Slavery." The idea of excluding an unreliable, disturbing, always more or less Leftist England from a solidly united reactionary Europe to-day is merely a variation on the same theme. M. Schreiber remarks at this point that, without France, such a "Christian" bloc in Europe will not amount to anything, and that it is up to her to scotch the whole scheme. For he is not impressed by capitalist Christian Democracy in practice—as he sees it in Italy, where the ardent defence of Christendom does not exclude a heartless and ruthless attitude to labour, widespread unemployment and a "dole" of less than two shillings a day. If France were to conform to the Vatican line of a "Christian Democratic" Europe, she, too, would inevitably drift into a world of Vichy ideas.

The French Socialists are very unhappy about it all. The rank and file know—and so, indeed, do some of the leaders—that if the British Labour Party goes, the last stronghold of Social Democracy in Europe will have gone. Though largely neglected by the Labour Party, the French Socialists still feel that there is hope for them if Britain remains Labour. The Socialist Party and the Communist Party in France are deadly enemies, and politically there is complete disagreement at present between their opposite numbers in the trade unions—the C.G.T. and the Force Ouvrière (to which should also be added the Confédération Générale des Travailleurs Chrétiens—the C.G.T.C., which is closely related to the M.R.P.). But economically all three are beginning, more and more, to see eye-to-eye on the issue of wages and the rising cost of living. While, therefore, joint political action is for the present out of the question, joint economic action, including strikes, will become more and more likely as the cost of living goes up again—as it is doing, largely as a result of the drought—and if wages remain frozen at, on the average, 30 per cent. below pre-war. In France, as in England, the setting up of a strictly "capitalist" government would create acute labour unrest, and either unify all working-class movements or else turn the Communist Party into the rallying-point for all "resistance"—a prospect highly distasteful to the Socialists.

Altogether, the attempt to scrap all "Third Force" regimes in Western Europe, and to unify it under some "Liberal" or "Christian Democratic" banner might lead in France to some unexpected results, especially if these Christian Democrats (as in Germany) go on talking menacingly about the "inevitable" showdown with the U.S.S.R. Anti-Communism of the Churchill variety is beginning to bore the French and to alarm them; and not all that is anti-Communist is necessarily good. Take, for instance, the Kravchenko trial. The Soviet system came out of it none too well; but at the same time I have not met a single French "Kravchenkist" who did not screw up his face at the mention of this unappealing character. Simplified blueprints of political conduct which may go down well in Germany will not be acceptable here. ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, September.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND CATHOLICISM—II

EVERY society creates an educational system in its own image. In its public schools, American democracy trains its future citizens to fit into a definite social pattern, to acquire common habits and assumptions. The Catholic Church rejects many of these assumptions and, as a society within the greater society, it has established an educational system of its own in which Catholic children may be brought up according to the principles of their faith. Though, for financial and other reasons, American Catholics can at present provide parochial schools for no more than three million, or half their children, such schools play a key role in the life of the Church. Indeed, to preserve and extend them is a vital objective of the hierarchy. Yet this objective is one which has understandably encountered the greatest resistance from non-Catholic Americans. They have established free schools, from which sectarian religion is excluded; they concede the right of Catholics, as a minority, to support their own special schools, though they may believe that the consequent segregation of a minority's children is unhealthy in a democracy which is seeking to "Americanise" a hundred minorities; but they object strenuously to any attempt either to encroach upon the public school system or to make Catholic schools a charge upon public funds. Both attempts, however, are being made to-day, as they have been made in the past, and those who oppose them are denounced as bigots for their pains.

Most recently, this charge has been levelled against Eleanor Roosevelt. In her case, it is ludicrous. For years, her outspoken liberalism and her championship of minorities have made her the target of America's most vituperous bigots. Yet this record of toleration did not deter Cardinal Spellman from formally accusing her of bigotry and consistent prejudice against his Church. In a long letter, published on July 23, he bitterly attacked Mrs. Roosevelt for reminding the readers of her syndicated newspaper column that it is an old American tradition to spend public money only upon public and not upon private or parochial schools. This reminder to the Cardinal of a Church which is trying to break down that tradition and to secure public funds for its private school system, seemed sure proof of deep prejudice.

What lies behind Cardinal Spellman's attack? As the most prominent spokesman of American Catholicism, he does not usually engage in personal disputes. But, at this moment, fearing that financial difficulties may soon cripple or undermine the Catholic school system, the hierarchy is making a renewed effort to shift part of its burden on to the American taxpayer. Now that Congress is likely, for the first time, to authorise Federal grants to local education authorities, the hierarchy hopes to obtain a share of them for its schools. But to do so, it must first overcome the opposition of those Americans who believe, with Mrs. Roosevelt, that if any minority wants schools of its own it must pay for them itself.

This belief is well-founded. It is not, as Archbishop McNicholas said in 1946, "unfair, un-American, undemocratic, discriminatory." On the contrary, it is the hierarchy which discriminates against Catholic children by insisting that they shall not attend the normal schools but shall go instead to over-crowded schools, which are often inadequate or insanitary, to be taught by poorly trained teachers and use censored textbooks. The First Amendment to the Constitution, moreover, as Mr. Justice Rutledge put it, "comprehensively forbids every form of public aid or support for religion." That certainly includes the grant of money to parochial schools and it may, indeed, include the provision of auxiliary services. In a recent case, four of the nine justices of the Supreme Court held that it was unconstitutional for the State of New Jersey to provide a public bus service for parochial schools; even the majority, in upholding the service, insisted that this was the limit to which a State might go. Mr. Justice Jackson went to the root of the matter in his dissent. Pointing out that Catholic Canon Law requires parents to send their children to parochial schools, he said:

> Catholic education is the rock upon which the whole structure rests, and to render tax aid to its Church school is indistinguishable to me from rendering the same aid to the Church itself.

Forty-five of the States, for such reasons, specifically provide in their constitutions that none of their funds may be used to pay teachers or the regular running expenses of any private school.

The question of indirect aid, however, is not so clear, in spite of the New Jersey bus decision two years ago. And upon this, as the thin end of principle's wedge, the hierarchy has concentrated its efforts. The Church's argument is calculated to appeal to any tolerant person. Our children, it runs, should enjoy equal rights. If the State is to provide school meals, to buy new textbooks, to run school buses and to set up a school health service, then our children, as Americans, are just as much entitled to these benefits as the pupils in public schools. No religious issue is involved, so why discriminate against us? This argument has been sufficiently effective to secure services of this kind in some nineteen States. Now that Federal

funds may become available for education, the hierarchy is trying to extend the principle from the State to the national level. It is not yet strong enough to secure direct subsidies, but if it can secure concealed subsidies in the form of auxiliary services, then its financial burden will be eased considerably.

The proposal to extend Federal support to the public schools, traditionally controlled locally and financed by local taxation, reflects a growing American desire to even out some of the great disparities in the educational system. In the face of increasing costs—especially the reluctance of teachers to go on working for pitiful salaries—the old desire to keep Washington out of the nation's schools is rapidly diminishing. Some States cannot provide adequate schools from their own budgets. Mississippi, for instance, spends a larger proportion of its State revenue on education than New York; but it can only allot some $50 per pupil annually against New York's $190. The difference, under the American system, could come from nowhere but Washington. If Congress provides the necessary funds, it may leave their distribution between direct and auxiliary expenses to the discretion of the States, in which case the parochial schools might benefit wherever the Church has political influence. But if Congress stipulates, as does Representative Barden's Bill, that the money be used only for public schools, then the gap between the public and parochial schools will be still further widened. This explains the hierarchy's anxiety.

The Church schools, undoubtedly, are in urgent need of help. At present, the average expenditure upon each of their three million pupils is below the average of poor States such as Mississippi or Alabama. It may not even be as much as these States spend upon their Negro children. In Indianapolis, for example, it is not much more than $15 a year. Yet, merely to carry this load, the Church must raise enormous sums every year, and its declared intention of providing high schools for all Catholic children within ten years would lay, for buildings alone, a further and heavy charge on the Catholic community.

The Church could not carry its educational burden now if the authorities in every State insisted upon proper inspection standards for its school buildings and its teaching staffs. Ninety per cent of the latter are nuns, to a total of 80,000, who not only receive minute salaries but also, under their vows of poverty, turn them over to their orders. In terms of facilities, let alone academic standards, the Church cannot compete with the public school—which explains why millions of Catholic parents ignore the Canon Law and send their children to secular schools.

This explains the desperate search for official help. It also explains why the hierarchy encourages its followers to move in and capture the public school system wherever there is a large Catholic vote. In one place after another, there have been organised and successful efforts to elect a Catholic Education Board or to appoint a Catholic school superintendent. The appointment of Catholic teachers, in disproportionate numbers, then follows. The parochial school can thus be grafted on to the public system, as long as certain proprieties are observed, even to the point of putting nuns on the public payroll.

To resist this process, as communities threatened with the conversion of their schools have done, is not bigotry or unfair discrimination. The Catholic demand for equality of treatment is a nice example of false logic, for the inequality is self-imposed. It is, in fact, a demand for privileged treatment which, if granted, would disrupt the whole fabric of American education. The majority is entitled to reject it. The secular school, as the hierarchy well knows, is a safeguard of the secular State. Believing both to be immoral in principle, it accepts them only from expediency while it is a minority.

The current educational controversy is only one aspect of the conflict between the social policies of American Catholicism and the principles of American democracy. But it is a crucial aspect. It illustrates excellently the difficulties that arise from the Church's extension of its doctrine of superior allegiance from spiritual to temporal matters. It has nicely confused the two and confused many Americans into the bargain. But once the distinction is made, the way is open for an honest discussion of the reactionary policies of the hierarchy in American life and politics without interfering in any way with the religious liberties of American Catholics. Such a discussion is what the hierarchy seeks to prevent by raising the bogy of bigotry: but such a discussion is more than ever necessary. NORMAN MACKENZIE

HERE ARE DRAGONS

THERE ought to have been a storm over Professor A. C. Hardy's "heresies" on evolution at the British Association. One would have expected some Professor Wilberforce to lambast him in the name of scientific orthodoxy as the Bishop did with such violence when he defended *Genesis* against the heresies of Darwin and Huxley. At least, some Lysenkist ought to have attacked it as "mysticism" and "idealism"; and someone ought to have warned that it might be a dangerous subscription to the racial "theories" of Alfred Rosenberg.

But, no. Professor Hardy, speaking with authority as President of the Zoological Section of the B.A., could advance a theory so revolutionary that its acceptance would modify all our ideas on the course of evolution and the scientists present could receive it with equanimity. That is important because it is symptomatic of the swing away, emphasised in many of this year's discussions, from the mechanistic conceptions of brain and body.

Prof. Hardy is an Oxford professor generally accepted by his colleagues as hard-headed and eminently practical. He came, if not from the bread-and-butter, at least the fish-and-chips school, of marine biology. The plankton recorder which bears his name is towed astern of commercial steamships on the scheduled runs, to collect samples of the organic minutiae on which fish feed, so that fishermen can have predictions, months ahead of the fishing season, of where, and what, their catches are likely to be.

Yet, in his B.A. address, he accepted, without qualification (and without, needless to say, reference to the Piddingtons) the scientific evidence of telepathy. He said that no one who examines the evidence of the communication of one mind with another by means other than the ordinary senses can reject it. That evidence was supported by a vast number of experiments in the past twenty years and by a group of them "which has passed successfully the statistical tests regarded as decisive when employed in normal scientific technique." And, once having accepted that, he was led with a few "maybes" and "perhaps's" to something which, as he said, "might better be kept locked in a bottom-drawer." He said:

> Our ideas on evolution may be altered if something akin to telepathy, unconscious no doubt, was found to be a factor in moulding the patterns of behaviour among members of a species. If there was any such non-conscious group-behaviour plan distributed between, and linking, the individuals of the race, we might find ourselves coming back to something like those ideas of sub-conscious racial memory of Samuel Butler, but on a group rather than an individual basis. If there was such a group habit and behaviour pattern it might operate through organic selection to modify the course of evolution; working through selection acting on the gene-complex. If this were a fact, it would be a wedding of the ideas of Darwin and Mendel, on the one hand, and of Lamarck and Samuel Butler on the other.

We might crudely express Darwinism as the "survival of the fittest," as though Nature had a regular call-up, with a "medical" which rejects the C3's. Again, crudely, Larmarckism implies the power of a species to make itself fit to survive: by adaptation, to get past that "medical." And Mendelism is the biological mechanism by which hereditary characteristics are transmitted from generation to generation as genes packed in the portmanteau of the chromosomes. Thus the characteristics of a species are passed on in orderly pattern, which is sometimes varied by a "sport" or natural mutation, or, as was shown at the B.A., by man-made "sports"—mutations deliberately produced by chemicals like colchicine or by X-rays. Butlerism might be summarised in his own title "Luck or Cunning?", an insistence that instinct or will operates as art of the process of inheritance and by "cunning" affects the Darwinian "law" of evolution and survival. This involves the individual as a positive factor in the survival of his species and not just as a pawn on the Darwinian, or Mendelian, chessboard.

Now comes the Hardiensian Heresy. It qualifies the Butler concept of the individual-influence but substitutes a group-influence. And an influence which, on a scientific rather than a metaphysical plane, sounds like a limited version of the *Elan Vital*, or Vital Force. It means that something like group-telepathy can modify organic processes and precondition hereditary change. This is revolutionary all right, because it presumably means that group-consciousness of habit and experience is transmitted, like physical characteristics, from one generation to another. Instincts would become more than conditioned reflexes, responding to primitive stimuli (like the suckling instinct of the newborn). They would be a kind of thought-transference from past generations. Culture patterns would be more than environmental impresses, imposed afresh, by a continuing tradition on the plastic minds of succeeding generations.

This is dangerous stuff. It could mean, although I do not suggest that Professor Hardy in his tentative approach either intended or pursued this, that the group-telepathy of an *élite* could determine the qualities of that *élite*, in terms of inherited characteristics other than physical. And that, I know some of his colleagues will say, leads to that anathema of the race-geneticist, a "natural" caste-system and even The Master Race of Alfred Rosenberg.

But in the longer-term implications it might plausibly explain the accelerated development of *Homo Sapiens*. It could explain the time-scale of evolution—the disproportionate rate of development of the human-ape, after it acquired a thinking-brain and will, as distinct from instinct, in contrast to its kindred species and all the rest of the animal kingdom. It might be that consciousness of needs stimulated the organic changes to meet those needs, not by the "luck" of Darwinian selection, nor even the slow processes of Larmarckian adaptation, nor of primitive intelligence mating by the Mendelian selection, but by influence of group-sympathy.

This, as Professor A. D. Ritchie said in another connection, is where the scientists, like the ancient

map-makers when they encountered an unexplored territory, write on their charts: "Here are dragons." And the scientist-explorers are diffidently approaching these dragons, taking care not to burn their boats in case they have to retreat. Sometimes one noticed in the discussions that they mistook the snorts of their opponents for the dragons themselves.

Nevertheless at this year's B.A. one had a sense of new expectancy, of impending developments, of changing attitudes and of point-of-departure rather like what must have existed at the end of the Nineteenth Century. The effect was probably heightened by the contrast between the purely scientific discussions and the impressively practical and socially alive concern with the Food and People theme, which dominated the conference. It was as though the natural scientists were reminding us that Man is not just a stomach but a mind as well, and a mind which is the dragon-land not just of the psychologist and the neurologist. As Professor A. D. Ritchie said in the discussions on the Body and Mind, "No valid theory of the body-mind relations is possible until the old theories of matter are abandoned and the whole question thought out afresh. . . No kind of physical or chemical process in the nerve or anywhere else is the least bit like feeling a pain, hearing a sound or seeing a colour." This is the rebellion against the domination of the physicist and the physical-mathematician, but it would be wrong to call it a revolt against materialism. The tendency of the natural scientists is to regard mind as a substance as real as the body but they do not know what sort of substance it is. The mind-substance is rather in the "phlogiston" stage, before the fire-substance was better defined by the discovery of oxygen.

The revolt is against the over-glib habit of trying to express everything in mechanistic terms—the nerves as a telegraph system, the brain-cells as wireless valves and the brain as an elaborate circuit. There is even an uneasy feeling that the brain may not after all be the seat of the emotions.

Physical and mechanical interpretations in this sense are useful only as similes or analogies ; they do not explain, they merely underline the scientific insistence on experimental proof and the fact that there are no instruments to measure, for example, telepathic emanations does not necessarily invalidate the statistical evidence which Professor A. G. Hardy accepts. The dragon-hunt is up.

Newcastle. RITCHIE CALDER

SO THEY SAY . . .

ON the day the Trades Union Congress opened this week (September 5), the Conservative press appeared to be a body divided amongst itself. The *Daily Telegraph* story, for instance, might have been angled by Transport House.

UNION SUPPORT FOR T.U.C. WAGE AND TAXES POLICY—TRANSPORT WORKERS DROP CRITICAL RESOLUTION.

. . . the General Council will also have the support of most of the other large unions . . . the National Union of Mineworkers will submit a vague resolution . . . understood to be aimed at devising a scheme of supplementary pensions for workers under nationalisation . . .

The Kemsley-Beaverbrook papers, however, found nothing "vague" about it.

Daily Graphic :

T.U.C. THREAT OF PENSIONS REVOLT

Led by the miners, more than 1,500,000 workers in the nationalised industries threaten a revolt at the Trades Union Congress against the Government's ban on pension schemes in these industries . . .

Daily Express :

1,500,000 DEMAND PENSIONS

Leaders of nearly 1,500,000 workers in nationalised industries . . . said tonight that they will go ahead with demands for pensions and better conditions . . .

The *Express* then admitted, in an anti-climax, that :

Despite these statements, the conference will endorse Mr. Herbert Morrison's reminder to the General Council that the Government cannot stand any increase in the costs of State industries. . . because the General Council commands enough votes to see that it does.

The *Daily Mail* was apparently unable to come to a decision about the prospects of the conference, one way or another. The following is the *Mail* story in its entirety.

REDS PLAN TO BOO ATTLEE

Communists are said to have been given secret instructions to hiss and boo Mr. Attlee when he speaks at the Trades Union Congress Conference which opens to-day at Bridlington. A special check will be made to keep them out of the visitors' gallery.

Shortening the Range

Time, August 22 :

RKO's Jane Greer projects the sort of high-frequency sex that can shatter a glass eye at 50 paces . . .

News Review, September 8 :

By contrast, Peter Arno's full-bosomed blondes in the *New Yorker* have figures calculated to shatter a glass eye at 40 paces . . .

Getting Away from it All

Daily Express, September 5 :

A Belgian at Calais is given a bad weather forecast. He pays no attention to it. He drinks a glass of champagne and swims the channel. How explain all this? Perfectly simple. Like all Belgians, he has just had a cut of 16 per cent. in his income tax . . .

AUTOLYCUS

LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS

Isle of Britain

. . . Much rehearsing, chiefly in dank basements, and as usual we have been tortured by mysterious hammerers. No matter where or when I rehearse, these gangs arrive, presumably bringing with them mallets and sledge-hammers, iron-hooped casks and zinc tanks that must be knocked to pieces. By the time there is an end to these noises, my legs begin to ache. This is because at all rehearsals not only do I watch everybody and everything and make a thousand notes and comments, but I fancy, on some daft little invisible stage of my own I am always busy acting the whole thing. So my legs ache. It is the same ache they catch in museums and picture galleries but much worse, with special emphasis on the shinbone. After a few days of this, belatedly dealing with correspondence is not a refreshing experience. Many of the letters and the cuttings they enclose, especially from your side, inform me that we British are done for and that it serves me right. Such reasoning as they employ is hard to follow. Why is it all my fault? One man even rebukes me for encouraging so many people to emigrate to America. Sooner or later I shall be blamed for our failure before the war to modernise our industrial plants, for my encouragement of Fascism and policies of Appeasement, for selling out American stocks (my own included) to pay for vital war materials during the "Cash and Carry" period, for the way in which I cut off Lend-Lease before we could re-convert our industries to peacetime production, for accepting the first American Loan, for a foreign policy that condemns us to spend far more than we can afford on scattered messy packets of armed forces, for the 40-hour week and the restrictive practices, for this summer's drought and possibly next winter's frosts.

The drought has been no joke ; and indeed has been one of those bitter freaks of weather that sometimes suggest that this island has been cast for the part of Job. We have had a reasonably good corn harvest but have suffered so badly with roots and pasture that it will be hard to feed our beasts, which, with coal, are in my view our most precious possessions.

J. tells me she went to our neighbouring town of Yarmouth to witness the triumphal return of the two Smith lads, natives of Yarmouth, who built a cockleshell of a boat in Canada and crossed the Atlantic in it. What impressed her most were the remarks of the crowd—"Well, the Old Country's not done for yet, is it?"—"Makes you feel better, doesn't it?"—that sort of thing. And this hit me harder than all the letters and cuttings I received. These rather wistful observations proved to me that I was right when I declared, some time ago, that our greatest post-war failure was the failure to create the right atmosphere. Those people gathered at Yarmouth wanted to feel heroic and nobody had been able to make them understand that what they had been attempting to do during the last few years was in fact heroic, a feat that historians might see one day as comparable to crossing the North Atlantic in a cockleshell. It makes me sick to think that these people are now being persuaded to think of themselves as a lot of cowards, spongers and idlers. I am tired of saying that we are an imaginative people and so must be dealt with imaginatively ; and of course I am wasting ink and breath, for statements of this kind are regarded in official quarters as part of the fanciful antics of a playwright. But the truth is that we are trying to do a great thing—to achieve a liberal revolution, a community of mutual help, a co-operative system that abolishes the dole and the doss house as well as the rubber hose and the whip—without the necessary appearance of doing it greatly, without giving people the opportunity to feel heroic, self-sacrificing, adventurous and noble. The trades unions have their place, but their influence, with all its tradition of cold bargaining, creates the wrong atmosphere. Whitehall is necessary, but again its influence, with its tradition of timidity and pedantry, creates the wrong atmosphere. I realise I must go carefully here, if only because it is easy for me to talk like this, with a comfortable background and work (mostly on a seven-day week) that I enjoy doing ; yet I have, I think, a certain intuitive perception of what most English people are feeling, so I declare to you that it is gravely wrong of politicians and officials always to approach these people as if they were rather stupid children, who cared for nothing but grabbing a bit of cake and then running out to play. In the summer of 1940 I came across more than one American journalist who complacently accepted the belief that we should capitulate. They did not understand us then, and—by thunder—we ought to set about proving that they do not understand us now.

We need a bit of magic, but not, I think, the magic that is both in the air and on the air here

at present. You have probably read about the "telepathic" tricks now being performed under the auspices of the B.B.C. Evidently the B.B.C. has had some such programme in mind for the last year or two, because some time ago I took part in a recorded trial programme built around a music-hall performer who claimed to read the minds of his audience. One of his most successful tricks was writing down in advance a name and telephone number apparently chosen at random, from any one of a number of telephone directories, by a committee of the audience. I am no illusionist but I have a mild interest in all such hocus-pocus, and going home after this programme I amused myself working out a method of performing this feat with the telephone directories; and since then I have astonished several dinner parties by what is actually a very simple bit of conjuring. I need hardly add, my learned friend, that the old element of the false choice enters this trick—beware of the conjurer when he is elaborately protecting you against any possible deception! Though I enjoy the sleights of the illusionist, I am sorry that the present fashion has moved from sawing women in half, for which there is no doubt much to be said, to mock telepathy. The real thing undoubtedly exists, and I have heard of many instances of it; but I do not think any of the people who possess this strange gift would undertake to have it in full working order every Thursday from eight-thirty to nine or would in fact use it at all to entertain a public audience. The genuine types, as distinct from the ingenious professional entertainers, are usually very shy indeed of giving any demonstrations. And it will be a pity if this now popular form of entertainment interferes with real research into extra-sensory perception, which has made some progress during the last ten years. Meanwhile, the appeal these "experiments" make to the big public is not without significance. The people rush at anything that suggests a larger life, lit with wonder and magic.

When I have had any time for it, I have been thinking lately about two novelists, Arnold Bennett and Henry James. Bennett comes into the picture because, having promised to write an introduction to a new American edition of his *Old Wives' Tale*, I have been looking into this novel and considering and remembering its author. We never quite hit it off, which was probably my fault for I was bumptious enough in those days, but I remember how in 1931, the very morning when we landed at Tahiti, the news came through of his death and how deeply grieved I felt, realising then that I had missed my chance of knowing him properly. The last time I met him was at a Toscanini concert at the Queen's Hall, and as we came out together, he cried in that rum jerky high voice of his "Music—like this—gives you a lift—doesn't it?" I have not read him much since his death, but whenever I do read him he is always much better than I think he is going to be. And looking again at his *Old Wives' Tale*, I realised that the kind of fiction in which he is a genuine master, and as rare as any other master in the arts, also happens to be the kind of fiction that is appallingly easy to imitate in a slapdash, walloping, American Book of the Month style, with a regional background, much growing up and growing old, and humour, pathos, and everyday romance arriving in cellophane packages. But Bennett at his best is the real thing, country butter not margarine; and it is perhaps our discovery of this that enables him to give us more pleasure than we expect, to wear better than most of his admired contemporaries.

Better, in my unfashionable opinion, than the Great Old Master himself, Henry James, whose *Notebooks* I have been trying to read, wondering as I turned the pages why he found it so necessary to put down on paper so much that most of us in this trade can easily carry in our heads. It is as if this most literary of all literary gents had some essential element missing from his composition. He is like an engine with too many of the wheels outside the casing. Hugh Walpole used to tell a story of James, who was most certainly a most lovable figure, meeting a small boy in the streets of Rye, giving him sixpence, and then advising him how to spend it. As James climbed higher and higher on some impossible pagoda of relative clauses and parentheses, the boy's face began to pucker, and finally, yelling, he ran away. And I always feel that I am that small boy. I turn up for my shining sixpence from the Old Master, and then he goes on and on and on, splashing about for the right phrase, coyly introducing a bit of outmoded slang, making a little joke that weighs a ton, introducing at incredible length some people I never quite believe in, tiptoeing along innumerable labyrinthine corridors in search of some grain of fineness; and then, with a yell of dismay, off I run. J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Arts and Entertainment

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL—II

Is there anything wrong with the Edinburgh Festival? All sorts of people, obscurely irritated perhaps by the sheer speed and scale of its success, try hard to persuade us that there is; but I can't see that their complaints have much substance.

The grumble that events are too many and the day too crowded is merely frivolous, since the remedy lies at hand, in Mr. Eliot's favourite word: "choose." More serious is the complaint that this Festival has no natural focal point, as Salzburg has in Mozart, Bayreuth in Wagner, and Aldeburgh in Britten; this is true and perhaps a pity, though many interesting and successful festivals, such as those of Lucerne, Strasbourg and Holland, get along well enough without a local hero. The Scottish Nationalists, of course, are the loudest in voicing this objection: according to them, the Festival consists of a ton of imported fancy goods dumped on their doorsteps for three weeks in the year. But what sort of a Festival could be constructed out of purely Scottish material? There is no Scottish composer of world-wide fame, no Scottish playwright more eminent than Barrie and Bridie. The stream of Scottish genius has hitherto flowed into other channels: into literature and criticism, theology and scholarship, science and architecture—and the last of these supplies at least an incomparable and unforgettable frame for the Festival. Native talent is certainly not dishonoured. The visitor can pass from Lord Haig's strong and sensitive Scottish landscapes to a distinguished group of Allan Ramsay portraits, assembled from many of the great houses of Scotland into two of the most elegant Adam rooms in Charlotte Square. Every night in Princes Street the statue of the painter's father is illuminated, in honour of the success of his forgotten pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd*, which has been turned into a midnight candle-lit entertainment of extraordinary charm in the great hall of Hamilton's Doric masterpiece, the Royal High School. Meanwhile *The Thrie Estaits*, that lusty, salty 16th-century satire, repeats in the Assembly Hall its triumph of last year. It is no mean feat on Mr. Guthrie's part to have conjured such brilliant theatrical vitality from texts so apparently unpromising, in a dialect familiar to few. But when these Scottish players speak out on their apron stage, my ear finds such strength and savour and sweetness in the sheer sound they make, that I am consoled for missing half the sense. And let me not forget the part played in both entertainments by the musical skill of C. T. Davie; his arrangement of the *Gentle Shepherd* songs was delightful. No, I cannot think Scotland badly treated in this 1949 Festival; if she wishes in the future to play a more conspicuous part, then her poets must write plays and her composers symphonies and operas which all the world will want to see and hear. Unfortunately, the specimens of Scottish symphonic music so far produced have not been such as to encourage this hope.

A different kind of complaint springs, I fancy, from English love of the home-made and amateurish in art: what is wrong with the Festival, some critics seem to imply, is that it is all too damned professional. Thus we find our own amiable Mr. Priestley dismissing Edinburgh as "rather too remote and pretentious for my taste." Well, Princes Street is certainly a long way from the Isle of Wight, and I don't see what can be done about that; after all, Salzburg is even farther. But why is Edinburgh "pretentious"? I suppose because the Festival proudly calls itself "international"; because the Artistic Director (a foreigner whom we have been idiotic enough to lose to America) has not only engaged hundreds of British actors and musicians, but has combed the world for talent, importing the famous Düsseldorf company to play Goethe's *Faust*, three great orchestras from Berlin, Geneva and Paris, a brilliant international company to sing Verdi and Mozart in the original, Ernest Bloch to conduct his new Piano Concerto with the American pianist of his choice—and so on, and so forth. Perhaps I misinterpret a casual phrase; but I find it hard to believe that Mr. Priestley himself would not have wondered about that adjective if he had heard this year's *Così fan tutte*. If Edinburgh's *Così* is pretentious, then let us all go on pretending for ever. This paradisal score, all milk and honey, the innermost heart of Mozart's adorable genius, received an interpretation not unworthy of Paradise; Sidney Smith himself, after a century of eating *foie gras* to the sound of trumpets, might surely have relaxed to these strains on some comfortable billowy cloud. And now I suppose I shall be thought inconsistent if I add that Rolf Gérard's scenery seemed more than ever like an "art" display in a shop window; and that John Brownlee and Irene Eisinger, despite their virtues, were no compensation for the mercurial Stabile and the sweet-voiced Gueden of last year. Nevertheless Vittorio Gui and Carl Ebert held the whole conception together with unprecedented finesse, and in Sena Jurinac they have found a Dorabella of the first rank. There was also a new Guglielmo in Marko Rothmüller, whose conception of the part was often different from that of Erich Kunz, but no less persuasive—which is high praise indeed. The quartet of lovers was beautifully balanced; I never heard the wonderful A flat canon in the final scene flow so smoothly and with such perfect clarity.

The big orchestral event of the Festival, Ernest Bloch's new Concerto Symphonique for piano, proved for me an acute disappointment. The material is mostly commonplace, extremely square-cut and relentlessly emphatic; the structure massive, the scoring thick. Behind the notes (according to Mr. Cohen, the composer's apologist) lies some vague idea of man's—no, Man's eternal struggle for freedom; in practice this works out as Mme Corinne Lacomblé's eternal struggle to make herself heard. She is evidently a brilliant pianist, and I doubt if others are likely to succeed where she failed. The public rather takes to the work, because it has the grandiose air of the modern concerto and contains an attractively nostalgic slow movement (*à la* Medtner or Rachmaninoff) embedded in the scherzo; here and there we feel the personal genius of Bloch, notably in the long, diminishing coda to the first movement (he has always been a master

of the coda); elsewhere his talent seems submerged in a kind of power-mania.

The programmes contained a high proportion of the new and unfamiliar. Even the Berlin Philharmonic, who under their own conductors are content to astonish us with Beethoven No. 5 and Brahms No. 4, were put thoroughly through their paces in strange British, French and American scores under Barbirolli and Goossens, and emerged from the ordeal with great credit. I missed the Barbirolli concerts; but their performances, under Eugene Goossens, of Mahler's First Symphony and Roy Harris's Third, were of the finest quality. Harris's Symphony, with its noble gravity and the lovely lyrical outpouring of its middle section, made me wonder why we hear it so seldom, and the rest of his work hardly at all; his music seems to speak of and for America more truly than that of any other composer except Aaron Copland. Two pieces by the Czech expatriate, Bohuslav Martinu, were heard: one a chamber concerto for cello, the other a double concerto for strings, piano and timpani. Both belong to the war years, and both are typical of this composer's tireless fluency: the material, which varies greatly in interest, is convulsively churned up into rhythmic *ostinati* which begin by exciting, and end by exhausting, the listener. He is a real composer, and he has something to say, but he lacks the discipline of self-criticism. At the opposite pole from these Martinu and Bloch works was the extremely distinguished Symphonie Concertante for piano, harpsichord, harp and strings of the Genevan composer, Frank Martin (best known for his subtle treatment of the Tristan legend in *Le Vin Herbé*). Everybody has praised the fine taste and skill with which all these varieties of string tone are combined and contrasted; but no less remarkable is the sheer quality of thematic invention and workmanship, as can be seen in the simplicity and inevitability of the opening pages, before the soloists enter. His allegros are somewhat weaker than his slow sections, because in devising patterns for such a combination he has not always avoided a clattering effect. The work was finely played by the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, under Ernest Ansermet, whose two concerts were the most satisfying of the first fortnight, because they showed in everything, from choice of programme to the conductor's quiet authority, a perfection of style and a sheer devotion to music for its own sake.

At the enjoyable morning sessions in the Freemasons' Hall, Mr. Jacques's Orchestra has maintained the tradition of an enterprising choice of music which we remember from the Boyd Neel concerts last year, without quite equalling his standards of performance. The chamber music has been largely in the strong and capable hands of the Busch Quartet, their leader Adolf Busch, and Rudolf Serkin. Serkin is one of the Festival's heroes: his Emperor Concerto (perhaps owing to insufficient rehearsal with Rafael Kubelik) was tense and nervous rather than Olympian, but his performance of the Hammerklavier Sonata was perhaps the most nearly successful attempt to scale that Mount Everest of music which has been heard in this country for many years.

The Düsseldorf *Faust* I must reserve for a final article. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

ANOUILH IN IRELAND

A YOUNG woman brings the man she is to marry, a young business man from the city, and her future mother-in-law home to the remote house by the sea to meet her family. There is no one to greet them; no lunch awaits them; there is no food in the house; only dereliction, dirt, dust and chairs that are not safe to sit in. One by one the members of the family appear: the brother, unwashed and unshaven, gnawed by self-pity, probing his cuckoldry as though it were an aching tooth; the father, likewise unwashed and unshaven, a drunkard and a gambler, his mouth full of grandiloquent empty phrases; finally, the younger sister, sluttish, in rags, a liar and practically the local whore. The business man and the sister have but to look at each other to fall in love. At night they run away together, but when he returns to his *fiancée*, who has taken poison, she gives herself immediately to the village publican. A week passes; business man, mother and *fiancée* are about to return to the city just as the wanton sister is being married to the publican; she comes back to the business man after the ceremony and proposes a joint suicide. He refuses; he and his party leave—and father and brother watch the bride and the business man drown unresistingly in the incoming tide. . . .

Such are the bare bones of M. Anouilh's *pièce noire*, *Roméo et Jeannette*, now appearing, in a translation called *Fading Mansion* by Mr. Donagh MacDonagh, at the Duchess Theatre: a highly romantic play, in which love is equivalent to death and every husband's fate is to be a cuckold. But there is one great difference between *Roméo et Jeannette* and *Fading Mansion*, the difference implicit in the titles. Mr. MacDonagh's adaptation is dazzling; he nowhere departs far from his original; and yet his play carries, at any rate for one who has only read and not seen M. Anouilh's, a quite different effect. He has set his original so firmly in an Irish context as to have turned it into an Irish play. If you went to the Duchess without knowing the author, you would probably hazard that *Fading Mansions* was a new piece by Mr. Denis Johnston. In other words, M. Anouilh's tragic, hopeless, bitter theme is quite overlaid by comic, inconsequential Irishness of the kind with which we have long been familiar in our theatre; which may indeed make the play more palatable here since it is well known to English audiences that anything is possible in Ireland.

The emphasis, then, is on the downfall of the house and family rather than on the tragic situation, and the Irishness further isolates the tragic core of the play. All for love and the world well lost: the sentiment has not been precisely convincing for many years now. It is not, I think, in M. Anouilh's original; it is still less in Mr. MacDonagh's adaptation. The feckless, expansive old soak of a father, the self-pitying son, the formidable, rectitudinous Ulster-woman, these we know and accept without question; what is difficult to take is the instantaneous falling in love, so that nothing else counts, of the Belfast business man and the wild slattern. For this to be credible, in the absence of greater, more compelling poetry than either M. Anouilh or Mr. MacDonagh can command, one would have to be aware of overpowering animal magnetism in the actor and actress concerned, and this one never is. The fault is not Miss Siobhan McKenna's nor Mr. Liam Gaffney's. Their task is an almost impossible one. Miss McKenna is extremely pretty and becomingly dressed in the most fetching rags; she acts very well indeed, but she simply hasn't the physical presence, the demoniac quality, the sheer *animality*, as of a combination of Cleopatra and a young Meg Merrilies, which alone would have made the role convincing. And Mr. Gaffney, excellent as a young business man, never gets further than being a very uneasy and unhappy young business man; and for this, M. Anouilh's conception of him as the reluctant victim is mainly responsible.

This failure in convincingness—fundamental, I think, to the original and intensified by its translation to the West of Ireland—means that, though one watches the action always with absorption, one's emotions are never seriously engaged, never at any rate by the tragedy. The comedy, also intensified, amplified, made warmer and more robust by Mr. MacDonagh's rich Irish dialogue, is quite another matter. The demand it exacts of us is much less and, besides, we are at home with it. Mr. George Relph's disreputable old father who has remained almost a gentleman is a most spacious performance and a constant delight; Miss Joan Young is the tight-lipped

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Ulster embodiment of *mens sibi conscia recti*: Miss Annabel Maule, as the respectable girl shamed and betrayed by her ne'erdowell family, is most moving; while Mr. Michael Gough, the cuckold who hears the cuckoo call from every bush (and, incidentally, M. Anouilh's spokesman), gives us yet another fine rendering of a neurotic young man. A failure, judged by the standards it sets itself, *Fading Mansion* may be; but decidedly it is not a play to miss.

WALTER ALLEN

THE MOVIES

"The Third Man," at the Plaza
"The Blum Affair," at the Academy

As the titles go up (a call-over from which distraction is welcome—do you remember the bridal flurries of a Sturgess film?), *The Third Man* is already on its way with vibrating horizontal lines and a twanging tune on the zither. What sort of music it is, whether jaunty or sad, fierce or provoking, it would be hard to reckon; but under its enthralment the camera comes into play, looking here and there and at close range springing surprises, while we are briefed, with and acid gaiety, about Vienna in the post-war: a palace front, the quadripartite police in a jeep, black-market hands over a suit-case, and so on. A corpse floats under a bridge. And all the while (a hundred seconds, maybe) that little tune or another little tune sprung from the first, goes nipping away, indefinably. To its liveliness, as to the jaunt of an old ballad that may enshrine the bloodiest tragedy, a train draws in and a man steps down, happy as a lark (we're told) and penniless. The tune that's already ours introduces *him*—for, to the world, he doesn't after all look so gay. His steps lead him to a cemetery where earth is being shovelled on his best friend, and that lilt in the blood, as he glances from face to face, has lapsed to a minor hum. But it will revive. It will see us through the whole adventure. At moments the plucked chords will instil a plangent horror. The unseen zither-player (whose name by the way is Anton Karas) is made to employ his instrument much as the Homeric bard did his lyre.

I doubt if any film has opened with such casual boldness of resource; and the lay almost achieves its promise (it would be a shining masterpiece if it did wholly). Karas's improvisations, Graham Greene's characters and dialogue, and Carol Reed's narrative skill with camera, actors, and background form a collaboration of genius and provide tensions that lift this film high out of its thriller class. Here is that orchestral handling of image, talk, and music that one has looked for, so often in vain, since its early apparition in *Sous les toits de Paris*. The happy convergence staggers us again and again in *The Third Man*. Sometimes it is all three, telling differently to a single point; sometimes one leads—the architectural splendour of shot, or Graham Greene's invention of a sausage-faced child toddling in pursuit of a crowd-victim; sometimes two together (ripped chords and the long glimpse of danger on the empty bridge) do the trick surpassingly. But is it a trick? No; although Carol Reed's nodding use of the camera (a lean this way then that) may occasionally offend as rather too mannered. But I don't agree at all that the whole thing is a triumph or exercise of manner. Technique has engendered the spark; and the life and story of this film would electrify even a charity committee. Does it tail off in the giant wheels and the climactic hunt through the sewers? Yes, it must be admitted, a little, though on noble lines, and never enough to damage our enjoyment seriously. If we've been there before, well, it's a neighbourhood that can still unpack a nightmare or two. The ten fingers coming up through a grating in a square and wavering helplessly, I shan't forget.

The worst that could be said of *The Third Man* is that at its weakest moment it is a thriller that enormously thrills.

I have left myself no space to praise all the actors under Reed's direction (Joseph Cotten, Trevor Howard, Orson Welles, Valli, and many lesser ones); or to do more than recommend the Eastern Zone's *The Blum Affair*, a distinguished piece of film-making and almost another *Mamlock*, but that, in times of changing currency, the Communist coin rings less true.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

RETURNING to radio criticism is like suddenly finding yourself on the escalator in the Underground after months away from London. Slowly you are borne past the serried rows of advertisements; slowly, but not slowly enough for you to be quite positive that the advertisements have been changed in your absence. Emblems of corsets, cosmetics, men's shirtings, film stars—if they *are* different from what they were, then, you think, the copywriters and artists haven't been very original, have they? So, switching on once again, sampling current programmes, I must admit that my first impression was just that: They haven't been very original, have they? There was, for instance, Mr. Pudney's feature programme, *1938*, in the *A Year I Remember* series. It never was, of course, the happiest of series; it has been too often the straight talk masquerading as a feature, hotted up with dramatic insets, scraps of dialogue, effects and music. *1938* conformed to type. But, if you were patient, it had its moments. Mr. Pudney, it seems, in conscious emulation of Arnold Bennett kept a journal throughout the year, and when he stuck to the journal the programme broke the formula and sprang into life. There was for instance, a snatch of first-rate observation: Mr. Pudney, top-hatted at Ascot, peeping behind the refreshment tent and watching the down-and-outs wading into the refuse dump to salvage the droppings from the rich man's table. That was valuable, and personal. But sometimes Mr. Pudney cheated and gave us not his own memories but other people's, notably Mr. Churchill's and Richard Hillary's; and as a whole I felt that the freshness of his observations was buried under the clichés of radio features. And something else stuck out, something I had forgotten; the patronising clumsiness and downright ineptness of most radio-actors' attempts to suggest working-class and provincial speech. Do they never, one wonders, listen to the hours and hours of actuality put out by the B.B.C. during the year, in which real working people speak in their own voices? One of the things programmes like *Have a Go!* might be expected to do is to cure young ladies with refined accents of the attempt to "talk common."

Then there was Mr. Terence Tiller's adaptation of Professor Mamier's *Prelude to War*. The programme, of course, was new, yet its impact was that of the too-familiar. It was the kind of thing that, theoretically, one applauds, that was done so well a year ago in the adaptation of Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's *The Tragedy of Munich*. The documents are allowed to speak for themselves; what drama there is comes from the inherent drama of the situation and the contrast of anonymous voices. But with the best will in the world I could not find *Prelude to War* anything but dull. I suspect that the impersonal technique, the austerity of presentation, is the less effective the more often it is used. I found myself looking forward, as a relief from the monotony, to the fe-fi-fo-fum gabblings of the actor who played Hitler, though, in fact, it seemed to me strictly deplorable since it destroyed at a blow the objectivity aimed at and ruined the unity of mood of the programme.

Yet the analogy with which I began is not, after all, complete. The B.B.C. *does* show originality. One has *not* heard everything before. It shows its originality among other ways by sponsoring new translations of Greek drama. The most recent of these, Mr. Philip Vellacott's version of *Iphigeneia in Tauris*, I found very satisfying indeed. The language was strong and clear, without archaisms or slang, and beautifully spoken, and the play came to life in a way which, for me at any rate, the older translations rarely do. I was not very happy about the device of having the choruses sung: there was no gain in audibility over a spoken chorus, and I felt the sudden intrusion of words to music spoiled the rhythm of the whole. That apart, all concerned are to be congratulated.

WILLIAM SALTER

"The Romantic Young Lady", at the Arts

Sierra's comedy remains a most agreeable piece. Its humour is of the gentlest, its irony mellow and sympathetic. Perhaps on the English stage it has always seemed slightly dated. Once or twice, in the first act, there is the merest suspicion that maybe before the end of the play the front door will be slammed. It never is, for this is neither Scandinavia nor England but Spain, where, even when young ladies are given latch-keys, there is nowhere for them to go. But Mr. Roy Rich's production accentuates the datedness by dressing the play in contemporary costume: the scene is Spain right enough, but Miss Joy Parker, the romantic young lady, wears the New Look and, as though to underline the play's modernity, adds to it the current "urchin's cut." The effect is delightful, and Miss Parker acts delightfully, too; yet appearing as she does as though stepping out of the last number of *Vogue*, she is scarcely able to suggest Sierra's heroine, or rather, the problem which for Sierra's young lady was a real problem. Far better to have presented the play as the period-piece which from our point of view it is; to have stressed its Spanishness and its time. On the first night the play was taken too slowly, and its rhythm tended to be lost in silences obviously not accountable by any failing in the memories of the cast. Throughout the acting was very good indeed: Mr. Frank Lawton played the novelist with charm and a gay vigour; as his secretary, Miss Sonia Williams was an admirably forthright foil to Miss Parker; while Miss Marie Ney was the wisest and most imperturbable of wise and imperturbable stage-grandmothers. Altogether, a very pleasant evening.

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Correspondence

THE DOLLAR CRISIS

SIR,—Referring to American assurances that we can capture many of her markets, Mr. Priestley writes: "I am certain that, whatever we do, we shall never be allowed to capture those markets." In view of the immediate importance of this issue, I should like to support the above conclusion by calling attention to the fact that during the last few months, that is, during the present trade recession, American Business has been carrying through one of the biggest advertising drives in its history.

Last May I read in the *New Yorker* an account of a representative gathering in New York of manufacturers, makers-up and retailers of cloth and clothing, which met to devise "means to persuade the American male to dress better, or, to put it another way, to buy more clothes." A plan was adopted, and this I have seen developed during a lengthy stay in that country. The first step was to announce a big price reduction scheme (from 5 to 19 per cent.) in all clothing. About three weeks later I saw that a big advertising drive was to be launched for the better dressing of high school students. Their dressing habits were described as deplorable. It was quite time American youths were properly dressed!

This interested me greatly, as I had much admired the free and easy, go as you please manner in which high school students dressed. I found it most refreshing, and a reminder of "the free spirit of America," which advertising is doing so much to destroy. It will be interesting to see who wins.

Motor cars. Car manufacturers are at last beginning to grow uneasy. The sellers' market has gone, and there are now enough cars on the roads to satisfy the over-all demand, according to a recent issue of *Business Week*. Total car registrations at the end of the war were 25,000,000, now they are 35,000,000. The trade estimates that there are about 10,000,000 over-age cars on the road. Before the war there were only 2,000,000 cars over 12 years old, as against 15,000,000 to-day. Present car production is between four and five million annually, or double the rate of replacement and annual growth "under normal conditions." So what is to be done?

There are only 12,000,000 new-car buyers in the U.S., but whereas before the war large numbers of cars were exchanged for new ones any time after three years usage, now five years is considered premature. Something has to happen, therefore, and soon, if the car industry is to flourish!

Hence we must not expect any "let up" in the textile and motor car markets, which are among our major American markets.

Mr. Priestley's comments on machine adoration are timely. In the U.S. the tyranny of the machine is of a different order from that in any other country, since the trouble there is how to keep the industrial Colossus running at full speed, which it must do if it is to pay, and thus support the vast vested interests upon which the power of the U.S. depends. That is why advertising has become a scorpion to lash the American people into a frenzy of producing and consuming and to hurl them into an inferno of endless, senseless motion. The present nation-wide anti-Red hysteria is a product of the fear that this Colossus may ere long run down and even stop altogether. Strange as it may seem, that fear is undermining the morale of the American nation.

I should like to conclude with a quotation from an article by Archibald MacLeish, who becomes this autumn Boylston Professor at Harvard, which appeared in the August issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is entitled "The Conquest of America."

Prof. MacLeish argues that the U.S. in her present anti-Red hysteria is being conquered by Russian Communism, for she is adopting its forms and capturing its spirit. He pleads for a positive aim in American policy, the adoption of a concept of expanding personal freedom adequate to the times. He says:

> If the people of such a country (as wealthy America to-day) were determined to hammer out a political and industrial and economic order in which individual men—all men as individuals—should be capable of living and working in dignity and freedom and self-respect with an adequate opportunity for the realisation of their full potentialities as human beings the thing could be done. It makes a great deal of difference, as Bishop Berkeley observed, whether you put truth in the first place or in the second. . . . Even the greatest of the industrial obstacles to individual freedom—the mechanisation of the machine worker—could be removed if the freedom of the individual became the first business of society. There is no lack of mechanical inventiveness. . . . Unwanted gadgets are produced with the most astonishing originality and brilliance. Machines and methods which would restore to the men who work them a measure of their former manhood, their former mastery, could be developed with equal skill if industry were determined to discover and produce them.

12 Victoria Avenue, WILFRED WELLOCK
Quinton, Birmingham 32.

SIR,—There are certain aspects of the dollar crisis which I feel have not been sufficiently emphasized even yet. They are these:—

First, the tremendous burden that the rise of U.S.A. prices has put upon the U.K. import programme.

As examples of this, Sir John Hay of Guthrie & Co., may be quoted—"if getting production costs down is as easy as the Americans imply why do they not succeed in getting down production costs of their own farm products?"

Here is his table of relative costs:—

	1939	1949
	per lb.	per lb.
U.S.A. cotton	5.33d.	17.71d.
	per bushel	per bushel
U.S.A. wheat	3.6½d.	9.10½d.
U.S.A. maize	2.5¼d.	7.0¼d.

Secondly, the influence of the profit motive on private industry, which has sought the easily earned profits to be got in soft currency areas in preference to seeking to expand dollar exports.

In the words of *The Times*, "the pre-emptive demand for sterling goods from sterling and soft currency markets, and the consequent lack of sales effort in hard currency markets, are symptoms of a deep maladjustment."

Thirdly, even now the Government does not possess, and has not sought, powers directly to influence exports away from soft currency to hard currency areas; and fourthly, the implementation of the Steel Bill would give just that power over an important class of exports.

HAROLD W. BOLT
30 Ridgeway Road, Farnham, Surrey.

COAL AND TOWN PLANNING

SIR,—Andrew Hargreaves is right to stress that the most important feature of the North-east Development Plan is the proposal for a thorough-going operation to restore the ravaged landscapes of the mining areas of Northumberland and Durham; but—unlike the authors of the Plan—he does not sufficiently emphasise the fact that the physical reconstruction of mining areas is a national problem which can only be solved on a national scale. Nor does he state on whom the responsibility for action must be placed.

Sir George Pepler and Mr. MacFarlane are more forthright. "We might," they say, (page 267) "ask how far the National Coal Board will, in matters of amenity, be different from its predecessors . . . They, more than any other authority, have the power to make or mar, to stimulate a clearance of the mess created by their predecessors and influence the lives of the people for better or worse."

Unfortunately, there is so far no evidence whatever that the National Coal Board acknowledge any responsibility whatever for preserving—and restoring—natural landscape. The Board's Second Annual Report makes no reference to amenity problems in mining areas; and, as Sir George Pepler and Mr. MacFarlane point out, vast quantities of pit-waste are still being dumped every day on what were once the miners' playgrounds—on beaches, in rivers, and on the edges of parks and playing fields, as well as over the countryside. In fact, mechanised mining, because it brings more waste to the surface, is increasing the rate of destruction.

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

The Board's neglect of its responsibilities is short-sighted as well as anti-social. Their attitude ignores the fact that the miner is perhaps more than normally sensitive to physical environment. Men who are obliged to spend their working lives in the dark need, in the daylight, not less beauty than other men, but more. New housing estates, and even new towns, will not be sufficient to prevent the drift of young men and women to other areas unless new building is treated as part of the total transformation of the physical environment of mining communities.

If some of the recent damage to both inland and coastal areas is not to become irretrievable action needs to be taken quickly. It is to be hoped that the Pepler-MacFarlane recommendation for a liaison committee between the National Coal Board and the Ministry of Town and Country Planning will be implemented without delay. A national policy on tipping, the stowage of pit-waste and the cleaning-up of the pit-heaps that shadow every mining village is long over-due.

HARRY O'NEILL

17 James Street, Easington Colliery,
Co. Durham.

THE VOLUNTEER SPIRIT

SIR,—In your issue of August 27th Critic writes: "What could be better than volunteer teams of this kind, for any emergency, to tie peoples more closely together?"

The operational word would seem to be "tie," as there is less difficulty these days in merely bringing people of different nations in contact with each other.

Pierre Ceresole, a Swiss, felt so strongly the need for such international voluntary service both for its own sake and because he believed its effect would make for a peaceful society, that he founded the "*Service Civil International*."

The first service was undertaken in 1920, when an international group worked with French peasants helping them to get the battlefields of Verdun back into arable land. The movement has grown since then, and this year there are twelve national branches of S.C.I., which between them have organised thirty-eight such services with about 2,500 volunteers from many countries taking part for periods varying from two weeks to some months. Each service, in which-ever country it has taken place, has attempted to do three things—to perform a job of real benefit to the community which could not have been done by paid labour; to provide a demonstration of the possibility of international co-operation even though on a small scale, and to have given the individual who has taken part the chance of living and working in an international community. ("But that morning when I said good-bye I felt richer than when I arrived. For some weeks I had lived in a society which was an image of what might have been, if only we learned to tame the forces that again and again lead the peoples against each other in irreconcilable conflict"—so wrote a Norwegian volunteer after his first service last year.)

Future plans include a service in India which it is hoped to start this year—working alongside Indian volunteers and building a new town for refugees—provided the necessary funds are forthcoming. There is no one way of working for a peaceful society, and it may be that the chief contribution of the international work camp movement is that it is producing a growing number of men and women who go back to their different countries more aware of this and more convinced that they are a factor in building a peaceful society.

DEREK EDWARDS,
General Secretary

International Voluntary Service for Peace.

ELECTED SILENCE

SIR,—I have only just seen Mr. Waugh's letters which appeared while I was abroad. Was it wise of the author of *The Loved One* to accuse me of being anti-American, or do we now understand that only American Roman Catholics are acceptable Americans?

Mr. Waugh's methods of controversy are painfully like those of the Cominform. A non-Catholic reviewer finds a Roman Catholic book grossly over-praised and is, of course, at once accused of professional trickery. Mr. Waugh's sneers are surely not very Christian, but I suppose that the end justifies the means.

Religious conversion—and not all conversions are to the Roman Catholic faith—is a profoundly interesting psychological phenomenon; it is important to discover what the process is, why some people are subject to it and others not. I did not say that Mr. Merton's conversion was spurious or his vocation a fraud; but whether either represents a "personal call by God for special service" I do not know; nor, in my opinion, does Mr. Waugh. I wonder if he believes that God called Wesley or other non-Roman Catholics. I know only that Mr. Merton called upon God.

It is not for Mr. Waugh to lay down what a Protestant must believe, and I cannot tell what he understands by the labels he wishes to fix. I will confess to a distaste, common among those of Protestant upbringing, for totalitarianism in religion; and it seems to me also odd that one should enter a silent Order, to engage in autobiography.

V. S. PRITCHETT

SIR,—You are patient, but I can hardly hope that you will allow me to take your correspondents through a complete course of apologetics. Nor am I competent to do so. But I think I can help Mr. Binns a little. The reality of Pascal's conversion is not doubted by any Catholic I know. Five minutes with the *Catholic Encyclopædia* would disabuse Mr. Binns of this absurd misconception.

The quotation from Tyrrell has no significance to the argument. It is (or was) the belief of extreme Protestants that the "saved" could never fall from Grace. Catholics do not believe this.

The religious experiences of the Protestants he mentions are a larger question. In any particular case I should not have the presumption to say that another man's religious experience was entirely spurious. In general, it is obvious that the existence of counterfeits cannot affect the authenticity of an original.

But the issue is much simpler than your correspondents allow. If God does not exist, all communication with Him is an illusion. If He does, there is the possibility of illusion. It was not clear to me from Mr. Pritchett's article whether he thought "Merton" deluded; whether, that is to say, "Merton" had simply found a manner of life that happened to suit his psychological state, or whether he had been guided by a power *outside himself* to closer communication with it. If the former, does he think the whole Cistercian order is in the same mood, or does he, on the rather frivolous grounds he educes, consider "Merton" an exception?

EVILYN WAUGH

THE SILENCED SERVICE

SIR,—It is a pity that B. S. in his letter distracted attention from what is the important thing in the issues raised by the Masterman Report and attracted attention to points valuable in themselves but out of place in dealing with this matter.

The disturbing thing is that there has been so little attention given to the Masterman Report apart from the almost wholly wrong Press comments at the time the Report was published. These comments suggested that the Report was a charter of political liberty for civil servants. So far as the grades from typist, clerical officer, laboratory assistant, and draughtsman upwards are concerned, this was quite untrue. Not only was it untrue but additional restrictions were being placed upon all that section of the Civil Service. To the credit of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION it gave a page directing attention to the effects of this restriction of Civil Service liberty. As a result of the interest shown by a relatively few Members of Parliament, the Government has modified its attitude somewhat and there is the possibility of discussions between the Staff Associations concerned and the Treasury on the Masterman Report. There is by no means yet the certainty of them.

It is to be hoped that the interest of your readers will continue to be directed to the important task of seeing that the Labour Government does not distinguish itself by restricting still further the tenuous liberties of civil servants.

STANLEY MAYNE,
General Secretary

The Institution of Professional Civil Servants.

STATE HOSPITALITY

SIR,—One does not expect to wake up suddenly and find oneself in a State Hospital public ward, and when one does it is an interesting experience. From my experience here in the last three weeks, I can only speak with praise.

This was a private hospital up to 1948, supported and run mostly for and by the north country miners, and all the matron would say for or against the new scheme was that she now feared for the personal touch and interest of the townspeople in the hospital. One gathered she had been here for over thirty years and it was all very near and dear to her. One could not but help admire the way she was not out to sabotage a scheme which must have taken from her prestige a little.

The nursing staff is excellent, and the attention we got, flung on them on a peaceful Sunday afternoon, could not have been bettered had we been expected—seventeen cosmetic horsehair stitches put in my daughter's face which, when they were removed five days later, have hardly left a mark, is surely the touch of an artist at his job; likewise the sure deft touch of the nurse who took them out.

The whole atmosphere is friendly, bright and talkative and jokes are bandied back and forth. One evening a padre should have come for hymns, etc., but he failed to arrive, so a nurse sat down and played a few hymns which all joined in singing (those recently back from operations lay back contentedly), then she gradually drifted to a few popular songs, and soon all the ward was quietly singing and humming. She left an atmosphere of happiness and normality behind which was most soothing and refreshing.

There are two Americans who have shared with us Mr. Bevan's enforced hospitality. They are full of praise for the nursing and attention, and insist that they would not have had better treatment in a private ward in an American hospital.

I am sure they will make good ambassadors for Britain's Health Scheme when they return to the U.S.A.

J. P. MACGREGOR

WOMEN AT WORK

SIR,—In her review of a book on Barbara Bodichon, the Victorian reformer, K. John writes that "there were only three trades open to the average woman—governessing, sewing and street-walking." I am sorry that she should help to swell this legend, which gives rise to-day to so much ignorant self-congratulation by those who suppose that no appreciable work was ever done by women until the last generation or two.

A study of Victorian periodicals will bring to light about two hundred trades and professions in which women of the literate classes could respectably engage. What Mrs. John means is that there were rigid limits to the work that could be done by the daughters of gentlemen and would-be gentlemen, a class socially rather than numerically important.

I have documentary evidence of the regular employment of women in the following capacities: post-mistresses, post office employees, clerks, especially in Government offices, accountants, buyers, shop assistants, shopkeepers, business manageresses, female innkeepers, hotel receptionists, boarding-house keepers, preservers of foodstuffs and members of the catering trades; dressmakers and modistes, makers of patterns for clothing, lace, embroidery, knitting, etc., engravers and colourists, skilled workers in the printing trades, modellers in wax, botanists, librarians, translators, indexers, teachers of every variety, journalists and photographers, nurses and midwives, theatrical directors, horse trainers, telegraphers and—towards the end of the century—stenographers and telephonists.

This list takes no account of women in all the various creative arts, the ranks of whom included, of course, large numbers whose names are now forgotten.

The fact that there was this vast army of efficient and industrious wage-earning women makes their political disfranchisement all the more unfair, and would have greatly strengthened the Feminist case if Victorian snobbery had not caused it to be presented almost exclusively from the gentlewoman's point of view.

DORIS LANGLEY MOORE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

When Wordsworth attacked the Augustans a hundred and fifty years ago, literary gentlemen were shocked; but what he said has remained the standard judgment ever since. History turned its back on the Augustans abruptly and once for all, and the act was spiced with mischief. For they had been wonderfully sure that their age alone among modern ages had the true air and spirit of the classics. Now open *The Oxford Book of English Verse* and make a mark, say at the death of Milton in 1674, and another at the death of Gray in 1771: the Augustan age lies loosely between these marks. Yet the *Oxford Book* gives 300 pages to the hundred years which close with Milton; and it gives 400 pages to the hundred years which follow Gray. But to the hundred years between, to the cocksure and majestic Augustans, it gives fewer than 100 pages. There is a nice irony in the editor's remark, that one of his tasks has been "criticising in silence": the Augustans have certainly been criticised into silence.

It did seem for a while in the 1930's as if the silence were to be broken at last. Mr. Eliot had just been very gracious about Dryden. Mr. Tillotson wrote a small book about Pope which was remarkable because he really liked Pope's verse and wanted others to like it. There were good new lives of Swift and Dryden, and scholarly editions of Pope and Swift. There seemed to be all the forerunners of a revival; but they came to nothing. The revival petered out as the Augustan age itself had done, in a taste for graveyard Gothic and the letters of Horace Walpole. Now again, except for Swift, the Augustans have as few readers as at any time since Wordsworth thundered.

The grounds for this silent condemnation, however, have been changing. Wordsworth of course disliked the artifice of the school of Pope. Macaulay went further, to the temper more than the manner; he disliked Pope and his friends in every way as people. These two dislikes naturally go together, but it is the second which has dominated most criticism, unspoken as well as spoken. If you are moved by the vaguely tearful mood of O'Shaughnessy, then you simply are not likely to care for the temper of Pope or of Swift. And this at bottom is why the *Oxford Book*, for all its range of tastes, has more lines by O'Shaughnessy than by Pope, and not a line of Swift.

For some time now the ground has shifted again, and instead of finding them unlikeable, we find the Augustans dull. And it cannot be denied, page by page and year by year they are sadly alike; they belong to an age in repose. Go back to the three centuries which I measured in the *Oxford Book*, and take the comparison deeper. The hundred years which end with Milton include also Spenser, Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans, and the Metaphysical poets. The hundred years from the death of Gray include Blake and the Romantics, the Lake school, Tennyson, Browning, and end with Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*. In both centuries literature is in movement, there is a sense of action and restless discontent, the arts are alive with discovery. No such forces and no such changes quickened the Augustan century between. Each piece has much the same air at least as any other. What is there in *The Dunciad*, we ask, which *MacFlecknoe* has not done? And we wonder which of his fellow writers Young thought he was aping in his exquisite parodies.

The sameness of course runs deeper than the verse form, runs much deeper indeed than the arts. It runs through Augustan thought and Augustan society. This was a contented age because it lived on capital, intellectual capital as well as merchant capital. Both kinds of capital had been created in that ferment in the seventeenth century whose political trace was Cromwell's revolution. Neither kind of capital could last for long; a century perhaps of this Indian summer, and then the society living on them must grow cold and die. This indeed happened to the Dutch, who in Dryden's day had sailed up the Thames, when their capital ran out—the same intellectual capital and the mercantile power. So England would have failed, merchant and mind together; we can feel the frost in the American war, and in Ossian and the Gothic taste. What saved and remade English society was the Industrial Revolution. And it did so intellectually too: the Romantic Revival, which suddenly breathed life into Ossian, is the trace of that revolution in the arts.

This is the key to the Augustan age, which can unlock our understanding, and more, our interest, all at once: that it is a passage between two revolutions. The intellectual play of their shadows across the age, forward and backward, shows it unexpectedly peaked and pitted. The sense of this progression seems to me a great merit in *The Life of Reason* with which Professor D. G. James opens* what is to be a four-volume study of Augustan literature. This volume is given up to three philosophers, and Professor James rightly goes back not merely to Locke (as Blake always did in a rage) but to Hobbes. He goes forward to Bolingbroke, and might have gone further; but the unexpected choice of Bolingbroke in this company is excellent. Because his is a political philosophy, we read of it with a sense of looking forward, to Burke and the French Revolution. Politically and personally too, Bolingbroke speaks for his friends, Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot and Gay, who were the leaven in the flat Augustan content. And he speaks out of a moment of action which underlines his closeness to them and to the age: the action of defeat. Bolingbroke more than anyone bears the blame for the pointless Tory failures in the struggle for the throne on which Queen Anne was dying.

The interest of Bolingbroke is that, even as a philosopher, we feel him always in this setting of event and action; he carries a solid world into the page. It is the fault of almost all writers about the Augustan age that they seem to be aware of no intellectual pressures except those of opinion. Professor Basil Willey's *Eighteenth Century Background*, the recent editions of the philosophers, and even that searching and delightful book, *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century* by Leslie Stephen—they seem to be pitched in a colourless vacuum scooped out of the air, in which nothing goes on but the discourse of thinkers and patrons. But it was not the play of abstract argument which made so great a mark on Voltaire when he came to England; it was its grounding in the practical, and the unison of science, technique, and social life—it was Newton as Master of the Mint. Blake did not miss this base of Augustan thought when he raged against it, for he always coupled Newton with Locke, and both with the machine. You may take Hobbes as the symbol and founder of scientific method, in place of Newton, as Professor James does. But you at once lose the daily, practical inventiveness with which men like Newton and Hooke filled the Augustan world.

Let me take one example. Professor James has found in Bolingbroke that likening of the world to a clock, and the conclusion that both have been designed, which Paley made famous later in the century. This is a nice piece of scholarship. But surely what makes it exciting is, that it was indeed in Bolingbroke's lifetime, and not in Paley's, that the clock was made over into the exact mechanism we know; and that by men like Hooke. In the process, the workshops of the Islington watchmakers became early models of factory production. The writings of the Augustans are charged with history of this kind, and crossed with these shadows of the Industrial Revolution; but no writer about the Augustans seems to have any taste for either.

It was part of the intellectual capital which the Augustans took from the Puritans, that they found all mystical thinking dishonest. There is a gulf between the symbolism of St. John of the Cross and that of Bunyan; and even those Methodist "enthusiasts" who embarrassed the Augustans never went back across it, nor preached greater virtues than sobriety and thrift. In part they were all being sound rationalists, in part sturdy materialists. These are also the two strands in science; and they are distinct strands, as Hobbes and others clearly saw. Whitehead in our own day has stressed the same distinction: that science is made up of a rational approach and an empirical approach, and that in themselves these have nothing in common. But since we are used to meeting them together in scientific work, we find it hard to keep them apart. The Augustans came to them fresher than we do, and were more skilful and more interested in playing them off one against the other. Many of the critical duels they were so fond of are grounded in these: reason against experience, judgment against fancy, art against nature. And in their view, the creative faculty is not in one or other camp, but is in holding them together. That is why they saw at the base of creation not, as we do, the imagination, but the memory. It is an odd intellectual interplay, a tension between the mind and the eye, which no longer stirs us. But for the Augustans, it was the inwardness of science and the arts.

And this is what made it possible for the outstanding minds among them to remain dissidents. The camp followers were indeed as dull and ready-made as we now think them: Tickell, Byrom, the Wartons. But there were rebels who kept open these contradictions, who give the age a different bite and character; who growled contrarily at statesmen and scientists and bishops and antiquaries, and above all at success—at success as a faith. They were the defeated; Dryden and Pope the prisoners of their religion, Gay and Arbuthnot of party, and Swift of his perversity. Nowhere is the division so harsh and compelling as in the calculating, incalculable perversity of Swift, who like other ascetics was in love both with lust and with denial, but was driven by a mind and an age that hated mystics and ascetics. They may be unlikeable men, as Macaulay thought, these Tory rebels; but they are not dull. And in that age of content, they wrote the deepest satire in the language. Yeats has summed them up, protest, politics, and inner cleavage, all in one:

> Whether they knew or not,
> Goldsmith and Burke, Swift and the Bishop of Cloyne
> All hated Whiggery; but what is Whiggery?
> A levelling, rancorous, rational sort of mind
> That never looked out of the eye of a saint
> Or out of drunkard's eye.

J. BRONOWSKI

* *The Life of Reason.* By D. G. James. *Longmans.* 18s.

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THE WORLD OF THOMAS MANN

Dr. Faustus. By THOMAS MANN. *Secker & Warburg.* 15s.

Of Dickens it was once complained, with comic incredulity, that his novels imply no worthier ideal than one of extended material comforts, according to which "all sorts of chaps are to have Christmas Pudding for dinner." In the days of Oliver Twist, there was a great deal to be said for the multiplication of Christmas Puddings. Gradually they were multiplied, the need was assuaged; easier stomachs and consciences could then begin to consider whether they were, by themselves, enough. There was each pudding steaming delightfully in its private pot, behind its private, locked front-door; but even if there were one for every person in the land, still there was in them no new sprig of common feeling to unite all the separate eaters. Increase of private comfort made people, on the whole, more separate; relating them rather to their furniture than to their neighbours. Human isolation could not be defeated by Dickens's simple, benevolent plan. If we did not somehow let in a little air behind all these private doors—so warned D. H. Lawrence, more than twenty years ago—we might expect "outbreaks of mob-insanity." Secure and snug in their privacy, men would become "deranged, and want to pull the house down over their heads."

The fly in the pudding, the blight in the bourgeois cabbage; since Lawrence, no European writer has tracked and spotted with such masterful diligence as Thomas Mann. He always knew that the pudding would not be enough. The merchant families of *Buddenbrooks*, living in their heavy furniture and heavy meals, dwindled when these dwindled. Mann then studied them through the more powerful microscope of disease.

> Disease, indeed I mean repulsive, individual private disease, makes a certain critical contrast to the world, to life's mean, puts a man in a mood rebellious and ironic against the bourgeois order, makes its man take refuge with the free spirit, with books, in cogitation.

We remember, from *Der Zauberberg*, the *petit maître* Hans Castorp, who embraced his susceptibility, but never forgot to send to Hamburg for fresh stocks of Maria Mancini cigars. There was a time after that book when Mann seemed himself not quite immune, just a little too friendly towards these blights which he had diagnosed. In one or two of his impressive long stories, notably *Death in Venice*, this feeling, that he almost took the side of disease, causes a faint unease. "*L'humanité s'affirme par l'infirmité*," he quoted Victor Hugo. Things have changed since then. The convulsion and ruin of Germany, the encroachments of barbarism over Europe, have obliged Mann to look for new instruments. Illness is no longer enough. Dissection of what he has called the "melancholy moral relativism of the nineteenth century" is not enough. Dislike as he may its pudding-ethics, he fears yet more the disappearance of the brandy-and-raisin aroma of liberal values, which still wafts up from them.

It's not surprising that a great German author should seek means to express this dilemma. From Goethe onwards, the German humanist has never felt quite sure of the absoluteness of the various liberal freedoms. He makes them a very deep bow, but goes on to wonder about their stamina, the reliability of their organs, their art, idealism, moral health, love.

> "Do you consider love the strongest emotion?" he asked.
> "Do you know a stronger?"
> "Yes, interest."

It's the answer given by Adrian Leverkühn, composer, genius, the Faust of *Dr. Faustus*, to his friend Serenus Zeitblom, old-fashioned liberal scholar. Not a very English answer, perhaps. If you think of "character," that idea so precious for the English novel, you realise that many little eccentricities, which an English novelist would treat as offshoots of an enjoyable, robust personality, might by Mann be exhibited as bad signs, symptoms, relapsing twitches. Not that Mann is not himself a marvellous portraitist; but his portraits tend to be flat, ikon-like, stiff with Byzantine detail. In the high scenes of life and death he rarely forgets the furniture. Found after suicide, "Clarissa lay with open eyes at the foot of the bed, a piece from the seventies or eighties of the last century, with a back and side arm; I knew it from the Rambergstrasse."

Furniture as man, sometimes man as furniture: at the "affair at the Schlaginhaufens'" one evening—

> . . . there was no Baron Riedesel to represent the claims of the "graceful" in art; that piano-playing cavalry officer had disappeared through history's trap-door.

A numismatist, faced with murder on a Munich tram, had "never more regretted being a doctor; and actually at that moment the knowledge of coins did seem to me the most futile of the branches of science, more futile even than philology, a position by no means easy to sustain." A science, a status, a bed, "one cup after another of strong coffee"; is it that all these worthy, solid people, these Germans Mann shows in *Dr. Faustus*, need to feel themselves at the centre of a reassuring network of such things, that they can't be happy or whole without all their props? It does seem to be so. Certainly they value their private freedom, but dread and hate the isolation, the separateness, which seems to be its penalty; they "thirst for unification." Germany will invoke "sacred necessity," reach Paris, woo the whole world with tanks. The urge to "break through" is noble, even benevolent. Yet, just when it is on the point of achieving and justifying itself, some captious, irrelevant nuisance has to intrude.

> I can still see vividly the picture of a gaunt Gaulish wife, standing on a height round which our battery was moving; at its foot a village lay shattered and smoking. "I am the last!" she cried, with a gesture of tragic power, such as is given to no German woman to make. "*Je suis la dernière!*" Raising her fists, she hurled her curses down on our heads, repeating three times: "*Méchants! Méchants! Méchants!*"
>
> We looked the other way. We had to win, and ours was the hard trade of triumph.
>
> Always somebody, some ungrateful person or nation, will be saying "*Méchant!*"

In its guise of aggressive nationalism, the idea of the "break-through" is the outer circle of *Dr. Faustus*. With vast patience and detail, Thomas Mann unravels the snarled threads of German character: benevolent and threatening, civilised and barbaric, free and bound. There are still honourable craftsmen, old-fashioned scholars; but there is also a ghoulish breed (described here with sinister force), who, with "blithe satisfaction," fill in the moral and philosophic gaps of the "break-through." There are those who reverence nature, others who "tempt her into manifestations." The inner circle is the story of the musician, Adrian Leverkühn. He wants to "break-through" the plight of modern art, to rescue it from the trap of isolation, to fuse what is sound in liberal humanism with what is dynamic in its "folkish" sub-soil. "And who denies," he cries, "that a real break-through is worth what the tame world calls a crime?" So he buys time from the Devil on the usual terms. Germany wins great victories, he writes great music. Germany falls, the Devil comes for Leverkühn. Or, if you prefer, the spirochaetes of syphilis have at last reached his brain; we are allowed that view. The two cycles are kept separate in time, Leverkühn living through the early years of the century, while the German events are those of the Nazi war. Loving, despairing, the old scholar Zeitblom records both, and pens his conclusion: the "break-through" is a delusory short-cut, an evil false dead-end, no way out for Europe, whatever her troubles.

In this, I think his greatest book, Thomas Mann has built, stone on stone, a vast cathedral of the modern spirit; an act of faith, if not precisely a Christian one. It takes some knowing, like all

cathedrals, but when you grasp the main design everything else begins to fall into place; and Mann is his own best Baedeker. He says, quite simply, that Leverkühn is a genius, and we do not find ourselves questioning it. There are views from his "buttresses and coigns of vantage": new views on old, forgotten bits of one's learning or reading; he has the German scholar's humility and capacity for admiration. The gargoyles of disease make their menacing faces. Leverkühn starts with migraine, his contemporary Rudiger Schildknapp has a "catarrh of the bladder, which in my opinion was not quite negligible." We are not tempted to suppose that it will be negligible.

The gargoyles are a grim lot, it is indeed a grim building; and one is surprised, momentarily touched, to come upon a passage which seems to belong far away, evoking the formal, easy occasions and exchanges of *Emma* and her Hertfield circle.

> She rose to greet me. We sat perhaps twenty minutes in the little sitting-room. Both ladies proved receptive to the attention shown them, and welcomed with enthusiasm the plan for an excursion, of which I only said that I had not originated it—after dropping the remark that I was on the way to my friend Leverkühn. They said that without such gallant escorts they might probably never have seen anything of the famous environment of Munich or the Bavarian Alps. The day was fixed on, the time of meeting.

Then we remember that it is not like that, the idyll is a mirage, Leverkühn is drawing near to his horrible catastrophe. This is Thomas Mann's world, and ours, not Jane Austen's.

GILES ROMILLY

BERKSHIRE

Murray's Berkshire Architectural Guide. Edited by JOHN BETJEMAN & JOHN PIPER. *Murray.* 18*s.*

It may first be said, for the benefit of those who have not yet seen this book or read a review of it, that it is a guide to the regional architecture of Berkshire; and that for that purpose it is an extremely good one. It consists of a short but very important Introduction; one hundred and twelve pages of photographs; forty-three double-column pages of a Gazetteer of Parishes; and an index. The meat of it may at first taste be thought to lie in the photographs, and so it does; but the marrow is to be extracted from the captions, and from the notes on certain of the parishes.

During the last few years Mr. Betjeman has managed to create a legend round himself: encaustic tiles, Exeter bells, brass lecterns, Irish peers, North London railway-stations. Mr. Piper has equally succeeded, during the same period, in building as personal a legend round his own art: Llanthony Abbey, Windsor Castle, Gordale Scar, Renishaw Hall and Sir George Sitwell. The readers of this Guide Book will find neither of these legends perpetuated here. Lady Cloncurry and Lord Clonmore are not rowed across Virginia Water by Mr. Betjeman. No illustrious voice tells Mr. Piper that he evidently has bad luck with the weather.

Mr. Betjeman is not here in verse nor Mr. Piper in gouache or watercolour. They are here together in prose and photographs. The text is a joint product and so is the photography. The legendary John Betjeman and the legendary John Piper may neither of them be evident, but the essential ingredients that have made the art of both are all here, whether in the photographs or in the Gazetteer. Each of them has, during the last decade, created an intensely personal art by expressing unfamiliar aspects of familiar objects, situations or scenes. Here they collaborate. They have, moreover, a third partner: Berkshire. They have a great many other abstract collaborators, such as Geology, Botany, Arboriculture, Agriculture, Industry, and Transport. It is true that this is avowedly an Architectural Guide to Berkshire, but such a guide to any defined region must consider also those other aspects of the matter.

Those aspects are considered seriously, if briefly, in the introduction which, unlike most introductions, is an essential part of the book it introduces. In four pages we are reminded of the successive conflicts between Britain and Norman, Saxon and Dane, King Stephen and the Empress Matilda, Charles and Cromwell, Industry and Agriculture. "And when," as the editors say, "Berkshire was not a battleground, it seems generally to have been considered as on the way to somewhere." Mostly, of course, in architectural terms it lay on the way from London to Bath, and in industrial terms from Paddington to Bristol. As the editors also point out, the county has little early architecture; its castles, except Windsor, are mostly now but earthworks; there is no great Cathedral; the tithe-barn at Great Croxwell stands alone in its splendour; and the once-magnificent Abbey of Reading is now "shapeless scattered masonry." The last is surely an unfair comment, though perhaps the ruins are rather more Graham Sutherland than Piper.

However, this Guide is not concerned with ruins, which, unless they be artificial-Gothic, are Archaeology rather than Architecture. It begins with Romanesque, follows the usual sequence through the Gothic phases, through Tudor, Renaissance, Georgian, neo-Greek, neo-Gothic, Street, Comper and Lutyens, to Pangbourne 1890, Wokingham 1927 and the Ministry of Supply, the latter Authority being represented by what the editors ominously and rightly describe as "that sinister vanguard, the Harwell Atomic Research Station." Apart from that conglomeration of factories and prefabs, and some "modernistical villas" along the Bath Road east of Reading, there is no illustration of contemporary building.

Architecturally and scenically Windsor Castle is, of course, the great jewel in Berkshire's otherwise modest crown. The photographs of the Castle and St. George's Chapel are the only ones not taken by Messrs. Piper and Betjeman; they are by Mr. Avery Colebrook and are very exciting. These photographs are as far as could possibly be removed from Mr. Piper's celebrated drawings of the Castle, but one or two of them are a good translation of a similar mood into another medium. Plate 34 particularly explores the complicated psychology of the Castle in relation to its setting. Intensely dramatic as the Castle has been made to appear, either by Mr. Colebrook's camera here or by Mr. Piper's brush elsewhere, the editors do not omit to point out the truth that most of it, on a close view, gives the impression of an enlarged toy fort.

Berkshire, it seems, is chiefly a county of domestic architecture; small country-towns, Georgian manor-houses, 15th century or 19th century parish-churches. The same might be said of Herefordshire, Dorset and several other counties. If Berkshire did not so conspicuously contain Reading and Windsor Castle, this description would be entirely true. Windsor is avowedly an exception, but I cannot feel that full justice has been done to Reading. There is a slight impression of its being apologised for, both in the plate-captions and in the Gazetteer columns, and the photographs do it far less than justice. There can be little reason for including the Pearl Assurance Building, in yellow terra-cotta, and for excluding Reading Gaol which is an impressive example of Castellated-1830, and is moreover, through Wilde, a document of great literary and sociological interest. If it be argued that this book is solely an architectural guide, one might answer that the Georgian house in Plate 126 has been included, apparently, because it was the residence of Miss Mitford's parents. That is a minor, and I hope not a carping, criticism.

For all its comparatively modest claims, Berkshire has some superlatively good things which are photographed here. Examples to mention are the Norman chancel-arch at Avington Church and the Romanesque tympanum at Charney Bassett; the late-15th century Manor House of Ockwells; the Great Croxwell tithe-barn;

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Coleshill, Ashdown and Kingston Houses; and the parish-church of Fawley, built by Street in 1866. Less than superlative, but admirable in their kind, are a number of late-medieval churches, 17th century and Georgian houses, a Regency terrace at Reading, the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, a Baptist Chapel at Abingdon, a Gothick house by James Wyatt, the 1892 Greek Amphitheatre at Bradfield College, and the astonishing Wellington College built in the late 1850's in the then despised Wren-Baroque manner.

There is one small point to add. The main feature of this book is that it reflects the personal tastes of Mr. Betjeman and Mr. Piper, and thank goodness it does. But it is a guide-book designed for the experienced and eager student of the art of seeing. When, some years ago, Mr. Betjeman and Mr. Geoffrey Taylor compiled an *Anthology of Landscape Poetry* with lithographs by Mr. John Piper, they included under Berkshire but ten lines from Pope's *Windsor Forest* and a lithograph of Park Place, Remenham, which is summarily dismissed in this Gazetteer. Without ingratitude one may wonder why Berkshire has been chosen now, when so much of greater interest awaits the brilliant revelation of this camera, this pen, this learning and this wit.

JOHN STEEGMAN

THE PROFESSION OF GOVERNMENT

Colonial Civil Servant. By SIR ALAN BURNS. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

Readers of that sensitive and sympathetic book, *Colour Prejudice*, need no reminding that Sir Alan Burns has kept, throughout a life of work in the colonies, an acute awareness of the problem of race relations. He is a thinker, of the sort who turns thought into action. And as the son and grandson of overseas officials, born into the Colonial Service on the island of St. Kitts (though ancestrally Scottish), he writes his autobiography from a strictly professional point of view. Sir Alan Burns is not interested in himself; he is interested in the countries which he has shared in governing, and in the methods whereby they are ruled. He throws in, out of an immense knowledge, facts which the guidebooks do not include; still less the maddening pep-broadcasts about the Commonwealth. Such as the information that in 1858 the government of the Bahamas officially licenced 2,679 wreckers, all no doubt competent, as the descendants of pirates, to practice this amphibian trade, with the result that ships were wrecked at the rate of one a week. I must admit to being tantalised by learning something, but not enough, about Lugard, Clifford, Cameron, that astonishing group of Nigerian governors who created the standards of the modern Colonial Service. For those men placidly disregarded home politicians, who fortunately knew little about them anyhow, and based British rule in Nigeria upon recognition of local custom and the safeguarding of the rights of the colonial peoples.

Sir Alan himself is one of the succession of progressive governors. He is so surely of the breed that he does not need to be sentimental about it. He says that within reason the colonial peoples should be given what they want, not what we think is good for them. This flying in the face of Cromwellian philosophy leads him to be cautious about West Indian federation, economically desirable though it is. The islanders, jealous and fearful of losing their local independence, are hardly psychologically prepared for it. On the other hand Sir Alan's understanding of the people's feeling led him to take a strong line in favour of introducing African representation in West African Councils, and also in advocating African membership of the senior civil service, without lowering of standards for candidates. He treats colonial people as human beings, not as ideological symbols, thus proving a democracy far more genuine than that of the Communist members to whose ignorant blithering he is forced to listen on the Trusteeship Commission. It is this habit of identifying his mind with the ideas of Africans which makes him give so much space to the murders which followed the death of Sir Ofori Atta. To him, as to most Africans, the issue was whether the rulers of the Gold Coast were strong enough to tackle and defeat the old dark terror of human sacrifice. To M.P.s in Britain it seemed more important that a case horribly prolonged by a series of appeals on legalistic points took on the nature of inhumanity. Sir Alan prints the story in detail to justify his decision to execute three of the eight men convicted. He proves his point, I think; and the recent outbreak of ritual murder in Basutoland confirms it. But the importance he gives to the case shows, too, that Sir Alan, like every true professional, is most vulnerable in respect of his work, and is deeply concerned to defend its standards. He set forth these standards in a 1947 speech included in the book. As a definition of Colonial Service aims it would be hard to better:

> Our attitude in the future must be one of sympathetic tolerance and unlimited patience. We are there to teach and to help, not to govern with the strong hand . . . Our main job is to teach the Africans and other colonials to take our places in the administration of the colonies.

This book, on the personal side, may be formal and rather dull. But as an account of the colonial service set-up it is invaluable, and essential both for British and colonial students interested in the growing shape of the future.

FREDA WHITE

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

Katherine Mansfield and other Literary Portraits. By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. *Peter Neville.* 12s. 6d.

This book stirs us to consider the peculiar relationship of the critic to his author. Are all attitudes admissible? the quizzical? the patronising? the reverent? the coldly analytic? Should the critical study be allowed to serve as a mirror for the face of its writer? Those intellectual angels who, according to Milton, chose to spend their banishment in disputation, and "found no end in wandering mazes lost," may well have busied themselves with such a question.

Mr. Middleton Murry, whose essays have provoked these speculations, is a critic whose work arouses interest and at the same time discomfort. His admirable qualities we may note first: he has a high regard for his craft; he uses his knowledge without pedantry and with adventurousness; his style, when he writes with his mind and not his feelings, is sensitive, searching and exact. I suppose we should call him—for there are fashions in these things—a romantic critic; his literary ancestry goes back to the early 19th century. The essay here on Andrew Bradley, whom he wholly admires ("the most genuinely imaginative critic our country has produced") may be taken as a restatement of his critical ideals. But he has not at will, like the best of his forerunners, the gift of detachment. With certain writers he establishes a kind of critical intimacy that turns the reader into an intruder. His likings, which are violent and intense, have the effect of making him deal in

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absolutes. The "cosmic necessity" for Richard Hillary's death; the "voice of Eternity" contained in a rhyme of Keats—these large declarations sound shrill rather than impressive. We cannot, we feel, trust so reckless, so possessive, so jealous a critic.

Yet between the annals of love and friendship (the essays on Keats, on Richard Hillary, on Katherine Mansfield, on Karl Mannheim, for instance) are studies of real discernment. These are on writers who are in the range of his sympathy but outside his idolatry: he admits and perhaps feels that he shares their imperfections. Matthew Arnold is one, the "elegant and melancholy Oxonian" who, "since he could not be the kind of poet he revered, became a prophet instead—surely the most far-seeing of his time." "To be a lifelong minor poet," Mr. Murry adds, "was no destiny for such a man." Another is the Elizabethan George Chapman, a "turgid, self-conscious but sincere metaphysical mystic," who, withdrawn from his contemporary world, was paradoxically the only dramatist of his time to deal with its problems. There is also de Quincy, not, he thinks, a genius *manqué*, but one who lived out, untidily perhaps, his full creative life. On Coleridge (modern judgment, it seems, can accept either Keats or Coleridge—not both) Mr. Murry writes particularly well, providing as neat an unravelling of the poet's relationship with Wordsworth as I have seen. Coleridge, he says, aware of himself "chiefly as a negation," tried to deceive himself into finding an identity between Wordsworth's experience and his own: it was disastrous. Wordsworth, the "almost intolerably objective" poet, was at one with the outward world, which had for him "the startling and awful vividness of a dream." With Coleridge, a barrier lay between him and sensation, dividing him from "Nature" and affecting all aspects of his life. As an instance of Mr. Murry's pointing:

> The answer to the question: "Whom did Coleridge want to be married to instead of to Sarah Fricker?" is the strange one: To Sara Hutchinson, to William and to Dorothy. What he wanted and what he felt was a diffused condition of "being in love" not concentred on any particular being.

Such essays are the flower of Mr. Murry's criticism. It is a pity that they are not dated, for we may wonder if they were written at the same time as the rather restless doctrinal studies of recent figures. In the most interesting of these, a commentary on the forgotten poet, F. V. Branford, who stopped writing in 1923, Mr. Murry observes that he, himself has "fallen foul of the Zeitgeist." This, I think, is clear; for though he attempts throughout to relate his thought to the immediate world, his roots are in that most unsatisfying of soils, the second decade of the present century. One result of this frustration is a temptation to identify himself with the experience of other writers; and from this comes one more curious, a kind of inverted self-criticism, caught from the mirror of the second personality. "Shelley's Keats," he says of *Adonais*, "is Shelley." And of a criticism by Mr. V. S. Pritchett on Katherine Mansfield he remarks: "It has the right kind of superficiality: by which I mean that good criticism always returns to the surface of things." It is difficult to decide how much Mr. Murry accepts of his own pertinent judgments.

One of the best things in the book, after the Coleridge essays, is not critical at all. It is an account, delightfully written, of a visit to Thomas Hardy: the hot afternoon; the delays; the gentle welcome; the indifferent pictures and furniture; the walk through the village; the old man's false teeth. I have not yet spoken of the three essays on Katherine Mansfield from which the collection takes its name. One, with a flash of the unexpected, tells the story (it reaches to 1944) of an elderly English doctor who befriended her in France in 1915 during one of her lonely illnesses. Another, starting from a complaint—surely unjustified—that there has been too little serious criticism of Katherine Mansfield's stories in England, discusses the "condition of love" in which, Mr. Murry declares, she produced her best work. The third is in praise of her letters. Certainly, all the material that gathers round this writer has a painful interest. But the ding-dong of attack and defence grows familiar. What a story (we reflect) a more detached Katherine Mansfield might have written about the man who wrote about Katherine Mansfield!

NAOMI LEWIS

NEW NOVELS

Such Pleasure. By MARTIN BOYD. *Cresset Press.* 10s. 6d.

The Lovers Disturbed. By ELIZABETH LAKE. *Cresset Press.* 9s. 6d.

The Voice of a Stranger. By EMYR HUMPHREYS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

All first novels are promising. All second novels are disappointing. All third (or later) novels are competent. Almost all novels are either sensitive or amusing; anyone who has written three or more novels has admirers, whose function is to find much that they will admire in his latest book. Like the ready-made phrases of Forces cables (I have been decorated. Congratulations. I am going to have a baby) these grammalogues are pitifully adequate for so much of what they have to cover. What they don't cover is disconcerting and probably better ignored. (There was no grammalogue, as someone pointed out in the House of Commons, for "I am *not* going to have a baby.")

Yet as we take our places to the heavy insistent rhythm of promising-disappointing-competent in the elephants' dance of reviewing, it is, of course, notorious that we are collectively haunted by our terrible past. We remember that *All the Conspirators* got about ten reviews—mostly complacent little snubs—and we look with respect at Mr. H. I'A. Fausset, who, on that otherwise miserable occasion, danced a *pas seul*.

Three books which are all well written, all in the upper intelligence brackets, and all serious essays in the art of the novel, are accordingly a temptation. None of them, moreover, is sensitive, and with so many novels written by delicate little girls for spoilt little boys, this in itself is a good deal. Mr. Martin Boyd's *Such Pleasure* is a curious novel for 1949. At a first glance it resembles a Victorian novel of High Society. Bridget Malwyn is the illegitimate daughter of an Irish peer and a governess. Her father, having acknowledged her and brought her up until the age of fifteen, fails to provide for her future after his death, and she goes to live with her mother's relatives, who keep a shop. From this social catastrophe she is rescued by adoption, later by marriage, and finally by being left a fortune, which enables her to use her Irish connections to establish a place in Edwardian Society. Eventually she marries a Malwyn cousin who has succeeded to her father s title. But this novel is not warmed-up Ouida; if anything, it is popularised Proust, with Bridget as a kind of cross between Marcel and Odette de Crécy. The great world is empty-headed and cruel, there is no salvation in it, and the picture of the elderly Bridget, in her apotheosis as Lady Malwyn, half-drunk and half-doped, half-crazy about her grandeur but already infected by the surfeited indifference of a Villeparisis, a Charlus, or a Guermantes, provides an occasional echo of the master which is surprising in its clarity and intensity. This book is, much more than the other two under review, aimed at a "popular" audience, but its satire, its touch of genuine harshness, and its generally unromantic treatment of a romantic tale, combine to give it flavour and body as well as entertainment value.

The Lovers Disturbed could not be described as "competent"; it is, in a quiet way, provokingly impossible. The plot hinges upon the relationship between a young man and his invalid aunt, who is a bully. Since David is financially independent, the reasons why he puts up with the old brute for so long are extraordinarily unconvincing. David's relationship with his girl is another

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matter. It is elusive rather than unconvincing. Miss Lake has, apparently, attempted to depict a love affair without permitting the reader to share the lovers' illusions. Sheila is, to a dangerous degree, an "ordinary girl," quiet, pretty, affectionate, obstinate, a little priggish. In flashes, in moments of evocation and insight, the experiment succeeds, the emotional aridity is dispelled, and what we have seen as commonplace becomes instead simple and touching. These moments are too few to save the book as a whole, but they leave an impression at once delicate and powerful. The character of the appalling aunt is, by comparison, merely a painstaking novelist's exercise. Altogether the effect of the book is of a writer at grips with a difficult talent, sometimes mysteriously effective, at other times recalcitrant or downright lazy. A novel in which Miss Lake has extended her degree of control is, however, clearly something to look forward to.

Mr. Humphreys, by contrast, seems to have got everything under control, and if third novels (such as Miss Lake's) are the place for new beginnings, second novels, such as this, may be the place to display the virtuosity to which the chaotic accumulation of material in a first novel will not submit. *The Voice of a Stranger* is a notably well-planned book. Set in post-war Italy, where a relief mission is co-operating with the local authority, it has a plot which, despite its elaboration, grows naturally and dramatically. This implies that the drawing of character is good, and this is so not only with the members of the mission, but with the local Communists and ex-Fascists who play equally important parts. The study of the two Communists, both intelligent, devoted and courageous, one a prig and the other fundamentally a crook, is an unusually subtle and sympathetic piece of work. It would not be difficult to go on adding to a catalogue of the good qualities of this book; the curious thing is that, despite the excellent construction, they do not quite add up. The book as a whole does not seem to carry the same weight as the sum of its individual parts. The dramatic, violent conclusion is not so effective—apparently not so deeply-felt—as some of the minor incidents. Once again, as in the parts of Miss Lake's book, one gets this impression of an exercise or practice piece, carried through in this case with a good deal of skill, verve and feeling, lifelike but not fully charged with creative drive. J. D. SCOTT

AN ENGLISH SAINT

Charles Freer Andrews. With a Foreword by M. K. GANDHI. By BENARSI DAS CHATURVEDI and MARJORIE SYKES. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

When did C. F. Andrews grow his beard? We are not told in this otherwise informative and not really excessively sentimental biography. The point is important. Those who knew Andrews only in his later years must find it difficult to believe the evidence of the early photographs. The youthful Andrews who stands behind his awe-inspiring father and formidable family—and even the Andrews seen in his early forties with Gandhi in South Africa in 1914—looks like a rather more than usually self-righteous and bigoted curate. His mouth is large and credulous and his chin is conspicuously inconspicuous. In his later photographs the disciple of Tagore and the ardent worker for Indian freedom, has grown a fine, full, silky beard, which totally hides these physical defects; instead we are entranced by a smile whose beatific sweetness might have provided a model for Correggio painting the heavenly choir. I conclude that the beard was the outward and visible sign of an increase of inward and spiritual grace.

Andrews, like Gandhi, was saved by a sense of humour. If he had not been able to laugh at himself, his credulity, his habit of interpreting the gospels quite literally and giving away his own (or someone else's) coat to any beggar and his disregard of the convenience of his friends and hosts in his absorption with some chosen task of aiding the poor—these would easily have made him intolerable. But he was not intolerable. He avoided the taint of priggery, at any rate in his later years when, as his biographers show, he had passed from a very narrow sectarianism to a universal religion based at least as much upon Hinduism as Christianity. My own most vivid memory of Andrews was on an occasion when he came to the offices of the *Manchester Guardian* in the last days of C. P. Scott, who was for many years his friend and admirer. Andrews came to talk about the significance of the Mahatma's latest fast. He explained how and why Gandhi was again using this method of persuasion, and then, having done his best with what he clearly thought to be a not very good case, he turned to me laughing and said that he had just warned Gandhiji: "No more fasts, Mahatma!" He had in short warned the Mahatma against the sin of spiritual pride. In the same spirit he accepted rebukes from Gandhi. Here are letters from the Mahatma telling him that he has written a "shocking" article, and that he has not thought out the problem. On one occasion Gandhi writes: "Do you think it is God's call that your pen must be for ever running? The world will not go to pieces for the suspension of your writings." The two saints were very good for each other. "Is it not," said Gandhi, "a matter of joy that you should have friends who will not always be serious with you?"

When one closes this record of a rare life of devotion and self-sacrifice, one is left asking just how much good Andrews really accomplished. First there was his solid achievement, admitted by hard-headed and critical civil servants, in the matter of freeing indentured coolie labour, abominably treated, especially in the Fiji islands. Here there is no doubt at all. More argument would be necessary to establish that his intervention in South African or East African racial politics had directly and greatly affected the outcome. What is quite clear is that his personal influence had the happiest effect on a large number of individuals and brought a lot of light into some very dark places. After that we come upon an ultimate and difficult problem of philosophy. How much is the course of history ever affected by individual acts of kindness and generosity? Clearly they do not decide great political problems. The forces that brought independence to India would have worked out their conclusion if there had been no C. F. Andrews or other eccentric Englishmen who made it their business to fight against racialism and imperialism. But the manner of Britain's departure was greatly affected by the behaviour of individual Englishmen. They proved that white men were not all as black as the manners of the worst type of English soldier and bureaucrat suggested. This proved in 1946 to be a very important factor, and historically speaking, the way in which great events occur may be almost as significant as the events themselves.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

ELEVEN PLUS

Secondary Education for All. By H. C. DENT. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

There is some resemblance between the circumstances which led to the publication of *Our Towns* and the present situation in education. In the former case evacuation brought a large number of comparatively well-off people into close contact with the life of the slums; in the latter many people of a class that formerly regarded the "board schools" as almost untouchable have been forced to take a very close interest in them. Often they have not liked what they have seen. A glance at some of the extracts from inspectors' reports which enliven the official report on Education in 1948, recently published, will show that their dislike is not always ill-founded. The descriptions given there of the conditions in which primary education is often carried on leave no doubt as to what is the first priority in education—brighter and better primary schools. It is

as simple as that. This is a straightforward problem, a matter of bricks, mortar and builders' sweat, but it is not a problem which can be considered by itself. The bricks and mortar will not be forthcoming unless there is a majority of the population persistently aware of the necessity for them. So the problem of the primary schools is very closely tied up with what happens after the primary school stage.

While there is little argument about the aims and methods of primary education, secondary education has been turned into a battlefield in which the smoke and stir of argument obscure the line of advance. Part of the trouble is that the Education Act of 1944 was passed long before the majority of the people most closely concerned with giving it effect had begun to think at all closely of its full implications. Mr. Dent, in a book which does a great deal to put things into perspective, is never tired of pointing out that the concept of secondary education for all is in this country an entirely new concept, which calls for revolutionary thinking. We have, all of us, he says, been nurtured in the grammar school tradition (whether we attended a grammar school or not), and that tradition has little to offer when it is a question of translating the concept of secondary education for all into terms of reality. Admirably suited to children of high intellectual ability though the " academic " kind of education may be, it becomes less and less suitable as one goes down the intellectual scale, and there is widespread agreement in the educational world, at least in theory, that secondary education for all does not mean merely " watering down the grammar school curriculum to make it digestible by children of somewhat lower intellectual ability and rather different aptitudes and interests."

The suggestions the author has to make are based on the idea that flexibility is the first essential of secondary education. There is, he says, a basic simplicity about the education of the child and of the adult; the former because it must be a general education and more or less the same for all, the latter because the adult will limit his studies according to his ability and interests. But the education of the adolescent can be neither general nor highly selective; it has to continue laying the foundation which the primary school began, and at the same time it has to allow for the development of special aptitudes and interests.

It is easy to see then that, like many other educationists, Mr. Dent has hard things to say about the selection of children for each of the three types of secondary education at 11 plus. He would have the beginning of secondary education deferred until the age of 13 or 14—" the age at which the 'public' schools have admitted their pupils for generations." The period between leaving the primary school at eleven and beginning secondary education would be spent in schools specially set up for the purpose of discovering as accurately as possible the ability, special aptitudes, dominant interests, and personality of each child. These diagnostic schools would be specially staffed and designed and equipped to give pupils every opportunity to follow out freely chosen activities which would be undirected but carried out always under skilled yet unobtrusive observation. This is not to say that the author has a reckless faith in the present methods of assessing either aptitudes or traits of personality. The classification at the end of the diagnostic period is to be regarded as tentative only and should be reviewed at intervals until the boy or girl passes at 19 out of the period of secondary education.

Of the further education in County Colleges proposed by the Education Act, Mr. Dent says:

> As it is conceived at present, it can hardly be more than a palliative, whose effects might well be for many adolescents irritating or depressing . . . For it is based on the principle that at 15 (or 16) the child passes quite definitely out of school society and into adult society.

What then is to be done? Raise the school-leaving age to 18? In present circumstances that is quite impossible, but Mr. Dent does not regard it even as educationally desirable. What he does suggest is that employment until the age of nineteen should be regarded as a part of education. This is not a new idea, but it has not, I think, been put with so much force and clarity before. When Mr. Dent says that although we have rejected in principle the idea of secondary education for the few, we are still in fact accepting " the disguised retention of genuine secondary education for the few with an *ersatz* substitute for the many," I could not agree with him more. But the new arrangement he suggests would require a body of teachers of a kind that is not easily found, for the kind of education which will successfully bring employment within its province, as he suggests, will have to be very different from that which goes on in the schools at the moment. That the difficulties are tremendous he freely admits; but he does not think them insuperable. On the contrary he is convinced that both the cultural and economic health of this country depends on their being overcome.

This book is easy to read, but it has more behind it than many a more pretentious volume. There has not been space in this review to deal with the historical background which is so ably sketched in the opening chapters, nor with many stimulating ideas subordinate to the main theme. This is a book which should be read carefully by anyone who feels impelled to take part in the numerous arguments about education now in progress; and a glance at the Hansard reports of debates on education will indicate some of those who should be well to the fore in the queue to read it.

HUNTER DIACK

GOOD COOKING FOR TWO

Cooking for Pleasure. By SYLVIA LITTELL. *Hamilton. 4s. 6d.*

This useful little cookery book has not the elegance of style nor the romantic quality of Boulestin's which was my favourite bedside book during the War, with its nostalgic recipes—involving unlimited butter, tumblerfuls of fresh cream and glasses of old liqueurs—with their poetic names: *Oeufs Mimosa, Truites Saumonées à la Crème, Crabe Jambalaya, Suprême de Volaille à la Chiffonnade, Poulet Sauté Vallée d'Auge, Clafoutis, Chotdriec* and *Pipérade*. But these were conceived in 1931, during the period of cheapest and most plentiful food. Nevertheless, it was good value even then for its 3s. 6d. and is still fascinating reading. This book is addressed to a more austere age. Anyone can grill or fry meat and fish—it only needs the best ingredients to get good results—but the present shortages demand more subtle and tasty ways of preparing poorer quality materials. The great advantage of Miss Littell's book is that its recipes can be achieved with two people's ration books; a business woman even, living alone and out to lunch during the working days, could entertain her friends at the week-end, with its help, on dishes unobtainable in any English restaurant, and she could do this in her bed-sittingroom, on her gas ring. There is a succulent *Beef Bourguignonne* which can—and indeed must, to get the best results—be prepared at least twenty-four hours beforehand, and so she can choose her own free evening for this and allow it to simmer on her gas ring for three or four hours as she does her mending or washes her hair. Then, on the evening of her dinner, she merely reheats it some minutes before serving. Its subtle flavour comes from the variety of the vegetables, the half bottle of red wine and the quarter of sherry. This is not really extravagant for there is now cheap French wine on the market and Miss Littell gives the Italian manner for keeping opened wine indefinitely by covering it with a layer of Olive Oil and so the bottle can serve for several occasions. A bottle of good South African Sherry will in any case have been opened as an *Apéritif*.

If the meat ration has been used up there are many good fish recipes which can also be prepared beforehand and which are made rich and tasty

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by the addition of dry cider. I particularly like *Fish Duglère* and *Creamed Fish Casserole*. These do not need fish of the finest quality and cod will do perfectly well, though the dish would be improved by the use of sole or plaice. *Mushroom and Cheese Casserole* is also good but is extravagant on the cheese ration since it takes two people's entire ration for the week for this one dish. There are many good recipes showing how to make dried egg palatable and some of the best suggestions for the use of rabbit that I have ever seen. I was, however, glad to see, for a day of celebration, a simple recipe for *American Fried Chicken* which can be prepared on a gas ring.

I have one criticism to make of the book. I do not share Miss Littell's fondness for Worcester Sauce, which she calls "that invaluable flavouring Sauce" and includes in many recipes. I do not think that English cooks should be further encouraged to use it—any more than Salad Cream, which Miss Littell also advises. I find it hard to believe that anything which includes Worcester Sauce can be called *French Dressing*—though it is true that she says that its inclusion is optional.

One of the great qualities of this little book is that it is written in a simple language and everything is clearly explained, so that the amateur is not at a disadvantage. The form of the book is handy—the one made popular by Georges Kaftal in his *I'll Cook for You*—with wires instead of a spine so that the book will lie flat on the table and not need an elbow to prop it open. The blank pages give ample space for extra recipes. The book is brought up to date with a special section on "Pressure Cooking." There is no reason why the merest beginner should not, with the help of this book, soon become a professional cook and "cook for pleasure."

ENID STARKIE

Clay Under Clover. By THOMAS SKELTON. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is Mr. Skelton's first book, and in it he records the experiences of a year of navvying. He has acted bravely and with vision in seeking out experiences which, as a rule, are known only to the hardest working and least articulate section of the community. He disclaims any desire to enliven his record by using "the sentimental, bizarre . . . the odd rare case," and diligently avoids the sensational, yet often achieves the feel of the very sweat and ache of hard work. The best passages of his varied, slangy book are the frequent, almost choric, descriptions of protracted labour, with its monotony, danger and self-control. The book is based upon notes jotted down (often when the writer was exhausted), and elaborated later. When Mr. Skelton attempts more than the notes justify, he becomes self-conscious and loses his critical faculty. This second Skelton is an egotist, given to reiteration, hampered by cliché, and with a weakness for improbable dialogue. The humour, which can be lively, grows obvious and heavy; believing that ordinary things should describe ordinary people, he forgets to select and arrange, and the result is dull.

Image: A Quarterly of the Visual Arts. *Art & Technics.* 5*s.*

Image should be an admirable paper. It is as beautifully designed and printed as its predecessor, *Alphabet and Image*; it has some distinguished contributors, some interesting subjects; and it is sold with a supplementary "postscript" devoted to the more ephemeral topics of the art world—obituaries and so forth. But for all this it manages, like all popular art publications in this country, to seem just a little prim and provincial. According to the blurb, its aim is to "deal in an interesting and authoritative (yet not too dustily academic) manner with various aspects of the visual arts of our own time and of our own rich past," treating them as "normal interests of our lives and not as recondite studies for antique pundits armed with microscopes and microfilms." So it sometimes has rather the air of a schoolmistress determined her girls won't take her for a highbrow snob. This is sad, for the contributors to *Image* are deterred from treating their subjects as fully as they might for fear their normally-intelligent reader will find himself out of his depth. Thus, Mr. John Summerson writes only three pages on J. M. Gandy; three tantalising pages, when he could do for Gandy what Mr. Thomas Balston has recently done for John Martin. Would a few more pages really have branded him "an antique pundit armed with microscope and microfilm?" Mr. R. A. Bevan is thoughtful about the Chantrey Bequest. But all the modish shies at that too-vulnerable Aunt Sally have surely left room for more than four pages of comment? The provincialism of *Image* shows chiefly in the predictability of its subject matter. Judging by this first issue and the second advertised on the back flap, one expects that there will be articles on Arthur Hughes' drawings, never on Sir James Thornhill's; that John Craxton's roots will be examined, not Lawrence Gowing's; that the obscure will be represented by a Gothic folly in North Wales, or an early Victorian imitator of Fuseli. All this will be interesting, no doubt. But to draw a wide public, *Image* must be a little broader minded. Otherwise it may find itself labelled with the epithet it applies to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—dyspeptic.

Antipodes Notebook. By JANET and WILLIAM BEVERIDGE. *Pilot Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This little book is the record of a journey—part lecture tour and part sight-seeing visit—which Lord and Lady Beveridge made in 1948 to Australia and New Zealand. Much of the book is taken up with chatty personal notes mainly of interest to Lord Beveridge's family and friends, a luxury which so distinguished a man may surely allow himself. But these notes are shot through with penetrating comments on social and political life in the two Dominions; and the final chapter, or postscript, provides probably the best available concise summary of the basic economic problems of Australia and New Zealand, and of the way in which these problems will limit their future development.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,021

Set by Arachne McLeod

The usual prizes are offered for a letter of not more than 150 words, written by a parent to a child going for his or her first term to a public school, a progressive school, or a secondary modern school. Entries by September 20th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,018

Set by William Salter

The usual prizes are offered for an epigram on the news that the British Army is to be issued with *ponchos*, an article of dress traditionally associated with the *gauchos* of the *Pampas*.

Report by William Salter

I deliberately refrained from specifying either prose or verse for this competition, in the hope of getting some good prose epigrams. The prose entries however, were few and undistinguished. But the verse epigrams were many and good, and choosing prize-winners was more than usually difficult. If the *poncho* is traditionally associated with the *gaucho* of the *Pampas*, both *gaucho* and *Pampas* are traditionally associated with the Argentine, which now means, apparently, only beef and Colonel Peron. Such, at any rate, was the way in which the minds of the majority of competitors worked. There were many very good epigrams on these lines, particularly those of Graeme Wilson, David Hawke and R. J. P. Hewison, who are awarded half a guinea each; but, surfeited by beef, I looked in the end for something more original, and found it in the entries of Guy Innes, Fergie, Stanley Sharpless and Jack Bradstreet, who get a guinea apiece, and F. C. C., who gets half a guinea. The winning epigrams, together with a selection from the runners up, are given below.

Out of the cape that covers me
I poke my battle-bowlered poll
To thank whatever Gods there be
That there's a penetrable hole.

GUY INNES

The poncho, soldier, British, for the use of,
And for that matter of it, the abuse of,
Though meant for death, a hero's, dying on,
Is excellent for girls, while cuddling, lying on.

FERGIE

Spirit of Canning!
Again we make bold
To call in the New World
To re-dress the Old.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Did you see gauchos march, with brass bands playing?
'Twas but the Army, their new dress displaying:
Make-believe cowboys, without herds or flocks,
They round up frozen cattle at the docks.

JACK BRADSTREET

—What vibrant voice is this? Say, Sergeant, what
Entrancing strain salutes the evening star?
—Tomaso Atquinez our conscript lad,
In poncho (double rubber issue) clad,
Across the boundless pampas, Aldershot,
Thrums his guitar.

F. C. C.

Strachey complained the Argentines
short-weighted him on rations:
Shinwell, to make the balance up,
appropriates their fashions.

DAVID HAWKE

By Argentina dispossessed
Of property worth millions,
How aptly is our Army dressed
Like Argentine civilians.

GRAEME WILSON

Symbol of beef and horsemanship
The Gaucho doth his mantle strip
To cloak our Army's wants, the chief
Whereof are horsemanship and beef.

R. J. P. HEWISON

No longer does the thin red line
Keep England's foes at bay;
Zoot suit and baseball cap combine
With poncho from the Argentine
To honour Guy Fawkes' Day.

PITHECUS

Was this the Clause that launched a thousand ships
Of Peron's beef to Albion's once-proud isle?
And did the order come from Eva's lips
To dress the Guards in ponchos, cowboy style?

FRANK PAVRY

'Twas Hindu *puttees* yesterday;
Now *berets*, Gallic innovations,
And *ponchos* pinched from Paraguay
Receive official commendations.
How well our army of to-day
Is suited for United Nations.

JOYCE JOHNSON

Will tango bands conduct us into battle,
Will bolas fly, when P. DAY comes at last?
"God's Gauchos" shall we be—or merely cattle?
And will EVITA take the Shuffle Past?

F. DUNNILL

Puttees have gone, and dusty desert rats
Even at khaki soon will look aloof;
Let's dress them next as Gauchos—broad-brimmed hats
And comprehensive poncho waterproof;
And after that try pin-stripe trousers, spats,
And something really natty for a roof.

GUY KENDALL

A poncho'd Atkins? No rebuke
From me upon that head.
I'm only deeply glad the Duke
Of Wellington is dead.

EDWARD BLISHEN

Ponchos for fighting men? Ah, what a joke
When awkward squads fall in, and laugh to see
The sergeant in a bold gaucho's cloak
Trying to hide his English gaucherie!

G. J. BLUNDELL

Lo, the poor Indian (whose untutored mind
Clothed him in front, but left him bare behind)
Now lends the British soldier his poncho
Which clothes above, but leaves him bare below.

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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

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And there he stood, the gradely lad,
Pondering upon the regimental binge
Like some stout sergeant poncho-clad,
Silent beneath Stonehenge.

L. G. UDALL

When John Bull's bulls on John Bull's fields were fed,
His soldiers' tunics, as his steaks, were red.
Now steaks arrive by courtesy of Peron,
The Army, bowing, pops its ponchos on.

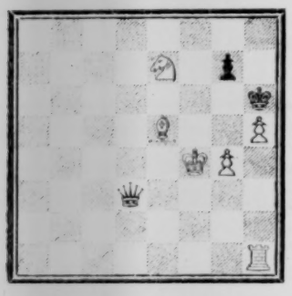
S. W. HYDE

Though us pongos wear ponchos they've still got to camp us,
And brass-hatted gauchos are shouting "Carambas!"
As they work out the drill for the rumbas and sambas
We'll march to our old —— Salisbury Pampas.

P. F. W.

CHESS: When Homer Nods

No chessplayer, however awkward his position, likes to resign: but we would seldom see both White and Black resigning at the same moment.

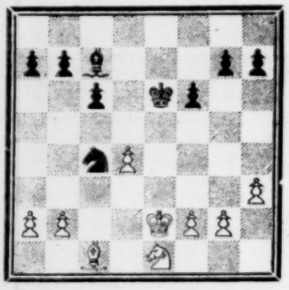


In this position (quoted by Kurt Richter) Black is said to have played P-Kt4 ch; seeing too late that P x P e.p. would mate him, he resigned at once. But so did White who, unaware of the e.p. rule, considered himself to be mated.

Obviously a duffer's lapse. But since many chessplayers would blame a defeat on a momentary lapse of their own rather than their opponent's prowess, it is a consoling thought that even the greatest masters are apt to blunder as stupidly as the rest of us.

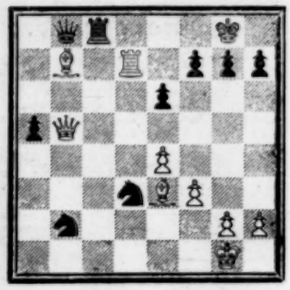
In this position (v. Popiel - Marco, Monte Carlo 1902) it was Marco's move. He resigned. Why did he think he had to? And how, instead, could he have won forthwith?

Even world champions are not immune against primitive blunders.

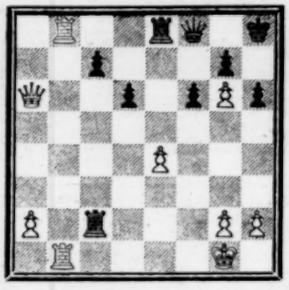


In this position (Lasker-Euwe, Nottingham 1936), Euwe, if anything had slightly the better of it. Lasker played K-Q3, and Euwe, instead of simply retreating or covering the Kt, made the incredible blunder B-R4. Why did this lose him the game at once?

Here (Schiffers-Tchigorin, Petersburg 1897) is one of the most famous cases of "missed opportunities" in master chess. Tchigorin played P-Kt3 and finally drew. Yet he could have won at once and most brilliantly too. How?



In this position (Fairhurst-Reshevski, Hastings 1937) Reshevski played P-R3, and when Fairhurst answered Q-R5 the U.S. champion countered the threat with R-B1. Then, for three successive moves both masters overlooked that Black could have won at once, and very forcefully indeed. How?



For Capablanca to "go wrong" was a rare event indeed. Yet, it happened in this position (Hastings 1919) when Capablanca (White) played Q-R8. Sir George Thomas resigned at once. Why shouldn't he? How could he have put up a good defence against the move actually made by Capablanca? But how else could Capa have won that game at once (and more deservedly).

Competitors, for the usual prizes, are invited to answer all questions relating to these five positions. Entries by Sept. 19th.

ASSIAC

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Librarian. The salary scale is £700–£50–£1,100, and the initial salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. A good Honours degree and administrative experience in a library are essential. Professional diplomas would be additional qualifications. Applications (twelve copies) should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by Sept. 26, 1949.

NEW England University College (University of Sydney), Armidale, N.S.W. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Psychology. The salary, according to qualifications, is within the range of £A500–£A750 (annual increments of £50); plus a cost of living adjustment. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to enter into duties as soon as practicable. Further information and details as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for the receipt of applications is September 23rd, 1949.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as Television Outside Broadcasts Producers, based at Alexandra Palace. The successful applicants will be required to investigate, prepare and produce television outside broadcasts of all kinds, so that candidates should have an interest in sport, the theatre, topical events and subjects for documentary features. A good visual sense and a knowledge of camera angles and lenses would be of advantage. Starting salary £750 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by £50 to £1,100 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Television O.B.s N.Stm." For acknowledgement please enclose s.a.e.

LECTURER in English, University of Gottingen, British Zone of Germany. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in English, who will have the status of Gastdozent. Duties, to lecture and give seminars on English literature and to hold some conversational classes. Candidates should be men, aged preferably between 28 and 45, with a university honours degree in English, a working knowledge of German and some acquaintance with Germany; university teaching experience desirable. Emoluments are guaranteed by the British Council and include a basic salary fixed according to age and qualifications within the range £450–£850 per annum, free furnished accommodation and rations, a marriage allowance of up to £200 per annum and an installation grant. Write, quoting title of post and enclosing stamped, addressed foolscap envelope for application form and further particulars, to the Director, Personnel Department, The British Council, 3 Hanover St. London, W.1, to whom completed forms should be returned by Sept. 24.

SPETSAI School, Greece, requires for October, 1949, or January, 1950, three assistant masters. All should be graduates of a British university and some knowledge of French is desirable. Two masters would be required to teach mainly English and the third would have to teach some English but would be responsible for Physical Training. Contract for two years, salary £40 monthly with free board and lodging during school year. No accommodation available for married masters. School will pay 5% employer's contribution to superannuation scheme. Write, quoting title of post and enclosing stamped, addressed foolscap envelope for application forms and further particulars to the Director, Personnel Department, 3 Hanover St. London, W.1, to whom completed forms should be returned by Sept. 24.

COUNTY Borough of Northampton. Department of Borough Architect and Town Planning Officer. Appointment of Town Planning Assistant. Young Graduate or person in similar position, of either sex, with qualifications and/or experience in either sociology, economics, geography or statistics, required for duties in connection with a Town Planning Survey. The first survey will take about three years and it will be succeeded by further surveys. Salary £390 to £495 according to qualifications. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, past and present appointments and salary, whether related to any member or senior officer of the Council, the names of two referees and the date on which applicant would be available to commence duties, should be delivered to J. L. Womersley, A.R.I.B.A., A.M.T.P.I., Borough Architect and Town Planning Officer, Guildhall, Northampton, not later than Sept. 16, 1949. Canvassing will disqualify. C. E. Vivian Rowe, Town Clerk.

UNIVERSITY of Toronto Settlement requires Head Resident (Warden). Salary up to $4,000. Experienced worker desired. Full partics. on application within one week to Assistant Secretary, National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GOODMAYES Hospital, Barley Lane, Goodmayes, Ilford, Essex. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Occupational Therapist (male or female) at the above Mental Hospital, to work under the supervision of the Chief Occupational Therapist. The Hospital is situated within ten miles of the centre of London, and there is a frequent bus and rail service. Candidates should hold the Psychological Diploma of the Association of Occupational Therapists. Salary and conditions of service are in accordance with the Recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs). The appointment is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations, 1947. Applications, together with full particulars of age, experience and qualifications should be forwarded, together with copies of two recent testimonials, to the Physician Superintendent, as above.

WESTERN Regional Hospital Board invites applications for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker. Duties will include the development of Clinic Services in the Region, and work in connection with patients placed on waiting lists for admission to Psychiatric Units and Mental Hospitals. Applicants must hold a certificate or diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Salary will be on the scale £455 × £20—£615 per annum. Applications, stating age, qualifications and details of previous experience and present appointment, with the names of three referees should be submitted to the undersigned not later than September 30th, 1949. The Secretary, Western Regional Hospital Board, 64 West Regent St., Glasgow, C.2.

A.S.S.E.T. requires: (1) Industrial Officer, to be responsible for negotiations in respect of the Association's members in Textiles, Chemicals, Local Government, etc. Salary £10 per week rising by three annual increments to £12 per week. Successful applicant will be required to reside in Manchester. (2) Area Organiser, to be responsible for recruitment, organisation and administration in the Association's Southern Area. Salary £9 per week rising by three annual increments to £11 per week. Successful applicant will be required to reside in London. Full particulars of industrial and trade union experience, education and qualifications should be forwarded by September 30, 1949, to the General Secretary, A.S.S.E.T., 110 Park St., London, W.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications invited for post of Organiser. Salary £350 to £390, according to qualification and experience. Application form and particulars from: W.E.A., 51 Grainger St. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications September 30th, 1949.

LITIGATION Clerk with progressive outlook required for conducting actions on behalf of injured workmen in Trade Unions Solicitor's City office. Experience of Factories Act and Common Law desirable. Hard work and scope for initiative. Good salary for the right man. Box 1641.

SELKIRK County Education Committee. Youth Employment Service. Applications are invited from persons, preferably with practical experience in Juvenile Employment work, for appointment as Youth Employment Officer. The person appointed will also be expected to act as Head of the Galashiels Commercial Institute (Evening Classes). The salary will be either in accordance with Grades IV-V of the A.P.T. Division of Scales of Salaries of the National Joint Industrial Council (Scotland), i.e., £480 to £570, or alternatively the appropriate Section of the Teviot Scales for Teachers, with placing according to experience. In the latter case a responsibility payment may be considered. Further particulars and forms of application are obtainable from the undersigned, to whom they should be returned if possible not later than September 16th. W. D. Ritchie, Director of Education, Education Office, Galashiels.

KENT C.C. Children's Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Administrative Assistant for duties in the Central Office at Maidstone connected with the legal adoption of children; experience in Local Government Administration will be an advantage. Salary £450 × £15—£495 (A.P.T. III). The post is subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Applications giving particulars as to age, qualifications and experience, together with names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be forwarded to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, not later than September 20th, 1949. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Middlemore House—Appointment of Superintendent and Matron. The above joint appointment, open to married couples only, will be made by the Local Authority, to whom the premises concerned are shortly to be leased (for two years in the first instance) as a Children's Home. Preference will be given to applicants who have had residential experience with children and/or possess recognised teaching, nursing, or Social Science qualifications. Salaries in accordance with National Joint Council Scales; namely £290 × £15—£365 per annum for the Superintendent, and £240 × £15—£300 per annum for his wife; plus emoluments valued at £120 in each case. There is separate accommodation for any children the successful applicants may have. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from undersigned at 102 Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. Ernest I. Holmes, Children's Officer.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1949. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide variety of scientific (including engineering) qualifications. Places of work are spread throughout Great Britain. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age on August 1st, 1949; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £230–£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 27 Grosvenor Sq. London, W.1, quoting No. 2522. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

TRADES Union Congress. An Assistant to the Education Department is to be appointed and applications are invited. Salary scale £526–£663. Trade union and adult educational background desired. Further particulars, before September 30th, from General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

TEACHER (mornings only) required for observing and organising the educational activities of children who are admitted for a period of two or three weeks to a Reception Centre conducted by the C. of E. Children's Society in Balham, preparatory to a final placement. Experience in remedial teaching of backward children an advantage. Suitable post for married or retired teacher. Member Church of England. For further particulars apply quoting this publication, Director (S/S) C. of E. Children's Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, London, S.E.11.

MALE Secretary to the Jewish Orphanage After-care Committee required. Duties include the placing in homes and employment as well as supervision of boys leaving the Orphanage, also assisting with evening Club activities at the Orphanage. Salary from £450 p.a. according to experience. Apply in writing, stating age, experience and qualifications, to the Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd. London, S.W.16

WANTED immediately, experienced bookseller, preferably with a working knowledge of stationery, to take charge of established book department in North London Departmental Store. Excellent opportunity with good prospects for keen young man or woman possessing initiative and ability. Good salary and prospects. Apply in first instance giving full particulars of age, experience, etc., to Staff Manager, London Co-operative Society, Ltd., 54 Maryland St. Stratford, E.15.

WANTED, Club Officer, interested in international & sociological work. Sal. £500 p.a. Write Sec. Gen., All Nations Social Club, Ltd., 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

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CULTURAL post of any kind wanted by intelligent man (29) who urgently desires to relinquish stereotyped, unimaginative office job. Wide knowledge of the Film & interested in Theatre & allied Arts. Box 1891.

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EXPERIENCED young Secretary requires interesting position, pref. musical/literary interest. Good speeds sh./typ; exc. refs. Free immediately. Box 1805.

EDUCATED woman (28) graduate has done teaching, secretarial and editorial work. Seeks literary post or research incl. writing. Lively-minded; experienced with people, typewriters, print. Box 1803.

RESPONSIBLE post sought, 38, graduate, 16 yrs. experience engineering including production, costings & patents, capable executive, can write. Write Box 1800.

COMPETENT lady offers services prog. org./group/M.P.s, etc. Corres., langs., orgr., willing travel. Exc. refs. Box 1568.

COMPETENT experienced Secretary-Sten. seeks interesting post, preferably not wholly commercial. Box 1730.

MISCELLANEOUS

BEAUTIFUL non-utility model blouses made up from your own material by West End fashion house. 25s. incl. trimmings, and return postage. Satisfaction guaranteed. Please write for illustrated brochure, enclosing stamped, addressed env.: Judith Baker, Ltd., Dept. N.S., 205-207 Baker St. London, N.W.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS—continued

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